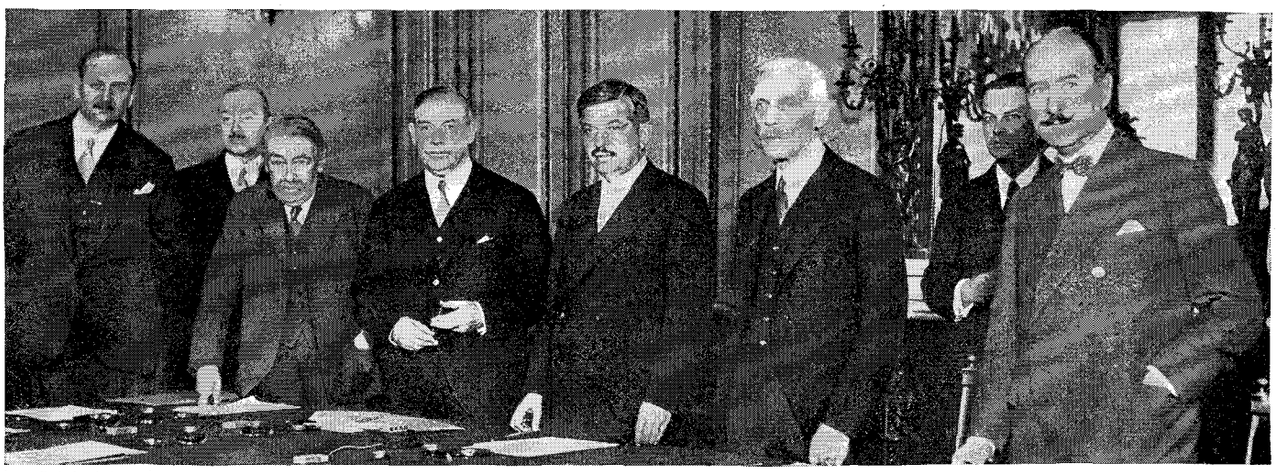
The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY



Acme-P. & A. photograph

They Brought France Into the Hoover Plan

A session of the Franco-American conference at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris. Here are seen, at the table, from left to right, Pierre Flandin, French Finance Minister; French Foreign Minister Briand; Walter E. Edge, United States Ambassador to France; Premier Pierre Laval of France; Secretary Mellon; and Francois Poncet, French Under-Secretary of State for National Economy.

Hoover's Winning Way with Reluctant France

TWO BABIES—one born in Paris, one born in Berlin—are rejoicing in the name of Hoover, because they happened to be born when the Hoover holiday plan was being finally accepted in Paris.

These are just tiny symbols of the new-born European rejoicing over the war-debt moratorium, outlined on page 5, which the President considers "in effect morally as of the first of July."

But while President Hoover receives due editorial accolade from a practically unanimous American, British, German press, both for starting the holiday idea and for his skilful diplomacy which finally won France over, another American wins hardly less applause.

Indeed, they say if that Berlin baby had been a girl, it would have been called Mellona.

In Paris, correspondents tell how Secretary Mellon's "sang-froid, unruffled demeanor, and quiet dignity" dominated every session of the moratorium conferences from the time he alighted from the train with the observation, "M. Lacour-Gayet, we are here," to the hour of his departure for his postponed Riviera holiday, remarking in reply to a request for a last word about the happy ending of the debt negotiations, "there is never a last word."

"Unbewildered in the midst of excitable Latin temperaments, speaking always in a low voice, almost gentle in tone, sympathetic when touching upon France's burdens born of the war," the seventy-six-year old Secretary of the Treasury was, according to Raymond G. Carroll, New York *Evening Post* correspondent in the French capital, "the real stabilizer of the series of contests."

IN this country the two weeks' delay before the reaching of an agreement irked our editors. Some were moved to sharp criticism of France, and others replied in sympathetic defense.

This discussion of France was country-wide. In Texas, the Galveston *Tribune* lamented the fact that France was still "in the grip of war-time hatred and fear." Now that it is all over, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* feels sorry that France should be acquiescing grudgingly "in an arrangement which should have had her spontaneous and gracious approval from the outset." The Boston *Transcript* is moved to ask: "Is 'revenge' to be always the issue between Germany and France?" The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* is one of many papers which could hear behind the clamor of the reported speeches in the Chamber of Deputies "the fading rumble of World War cannon." Another Richmond paper, *The News Leader*, concludes that "France's position, which is as understandable as it is inadmissible, still is that the judgment of Versailles can stand for seventy years."

France seems to the Mobile *Register* "to be in danger of becoming not only an international whiner but a dangerously unstable factor in international relations." The Helena *Independent*, in Montana, is almost bitter. It hears that France intends to appropriate $96,000,000 for frontier fortifications—"she is deliberately spending those millions for destruction in a world that is simply crying for useful construction, for a cessation of international hatreds, for a rebirth of prosperity."

BUT understanding the French position is of paramount importance, *The Business Week* contends. The French are a sensitive people, whether we like it or not, the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us. And France, as the Boston *Globe* sees it, feels slightly resentful at having the Hoover plan "plopped down just at this

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TABLE OF CONTENTS ON PAGE 47

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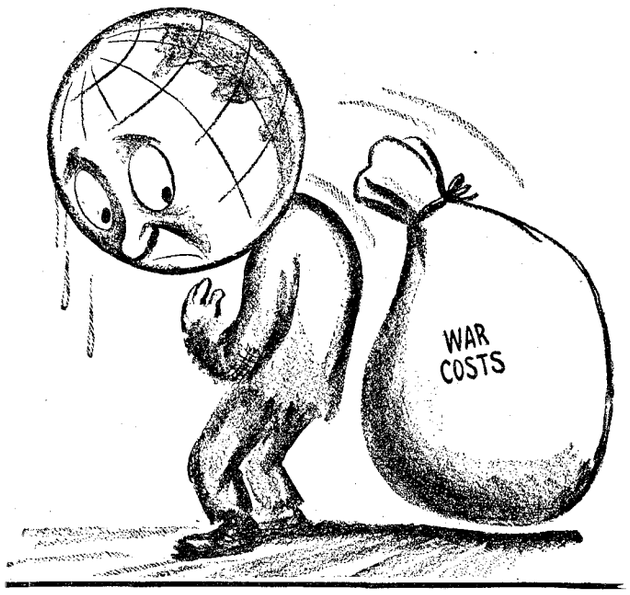
moment in her lap." The New Haven *Journal-Courier* uses another metaphor to explain French irritation:

"Mr. Hoover did act—with good reason, true—without consulting the French. He did hold out a hoop through which he asked the French to jump—a maneuver no Frenchman has ever been fond of."

It was naturally a jolt, explains Leland Stowe in a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from Paris, for our President's action "deprived France of taking the initiative in the reparations crisis, and prevented her from dominating the question":

"For the first time in five years or more France finds her dominating place in Europe, as concerns debts and reparations,



Time Out for Breath

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

snatched from her and occupied by another nation—of all people, the United States of America. The opportunity for French constructive leadership is suddenly diminished."

It was difficult to devise a popular form of agreement in France where, as David Lawrence notes, "the people have been educated by the politicians to believe in the German capacity to pay extraordinary sums." And those sums are an honest debt, insists the Tulsa *Tribune:*

"It is the wages of the sins of German fathers who trained their sons to glorify war, who taught them that nothing was more honorable than to goose-step in the Kaiser's Army or to wear upon their cheeks the scars of brutal military school duels. Unless the present generation of Germans and those to follow pay that debt, the world will have missed the lesson which the World War should have taught."

"Doubtless, still in the French mind the tread of ghostly armies is heard across France o'nights," remarks the Birmingham *News*, noting how "Frenchmen have come to think of those non-postponable reparations in terms of devastated and calcined areas, of razed cathedrals, of industrial plants blasted by German shells."

To France, as the Philadelphia *Record* recalls, this matter of reparations is "a question of national security, of life or death." As Frank H. Simonds, war and after-war correspondent in Europe, writes in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The French people are convinced that no peace in Europe is possible and no security for France attainable precisely as long as the Germans refuse to live within the framework of the Treaty of Versailles and to accept its territorial and military clauses as definitive.

"The German people are just as unanimously satisfied that tranquillity on the Continent is impossible until the treaty is revised to permit them to recover the Polish corridor and to bestow upon them equality in means of defense with the other armed Powers.

"In the view of most informed observers in all Continental capitals, France would, if faced with the alternative, prefer to bear all the domestic discomforts resulting from a total German collapse rather than shoulder the consequences of a German recovery economically, while there is no modification of the present German political purpose.

"French and German national wills are thus in shock, and, from the French point of view, President Hoover's intervention constitutes something like a championship of Germany against France. The French believe that if Germany had been left to herself, she would not have collapsed, but, on the contrary, would have been obliged to apply to Paris for aid, which would have been forthcoming on political terms, a conclusion quite as erroneous as many American assumptions about France.

"But the essential fact is that, feeling as they do about the German problem, the French people will compel their Government, whatever its assent in principle to the Hoover proposal, to continue in practise that political policy which in the end will make any financial aid to Germany futile. France can be persuaded to abandon her present view only as Germany is brought to scrap her contemporary purposes or the United States to give France some guaranty of her own security in the face of a Germany economically and financially restored."

And France has been asking the question lying beyond all these reparations changes, "Will it open the door for Germany to repudiate responsibility for the World War?" This, writes David Rankin Barbee in the Washington *Post*, "is an undecided question, and until it is decided Germany is going to be a problem on the hands of Europe."

It is worth while, the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* thinks, "to recognize that France has obtained concessions on nearly all the major points she raised, and has obtained them largely because her requests were well grounded":

"The Young plan stands, the unconditional payments continue, requirements on France for the guaranty fund are mitigated. German assurance has been given that the remitted payments will not be used for armaments and, finally, the question of continuance of payments in kind is to be adjusted by a committee of experts. These payments in kind—that is, in goods, especially material for rehabilitation of war areas—give employment to a large section of both German and French industry, and their continuance at least, in part, may reasonably aid rather than hinder the economic recuperation which is the object of the debt holiday.

"The fact to be emphasized now is that France is joining with the rest of the nations entangled in the debt net to stabilize the economic and political structure of Europe, indeed of the world."

France is as ready as any other nation to cooperate with the United States in a moratorium; "but," agrees the Jersey City *Journal*, "France insists that each detail of the business be thought out beforehand, which is as it should be."

Perhaps typical of French opinion of the Hoover suggestion is former Premier Tardieu's characterization of it as a "generous but somewhat brusk improvization."

French newspapers whose opinions are cabled to The Literary Digest are resigned rather than enthusiastic, skeptical rather than convinced. *Le Journal* and the *Figaro* lament that there should be so many concessions to Germany and so few to France. The *Ere Nouvelle* speaks of Germany as possessing, perhaps at French expense, "a marvelous economic equipment; she should reestablish her situation and her balance within one year." The *Quotidien* is convinced that the Americans conceded nothing, that they stuck to their position and the French Government made a bad mistake. But *Excelsior* holds that the final accord differs only slightly from the statement of French policy which Premier Laval made to Parliament, and which received its approval. While *Journée Industrielle* is far from satisfied with the result, it thinks that France probably accepted the

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Copyrignt. 1931, by the Chicago *Tribune*

Brace Yourself, Uncle, You'll Have a Long Wait

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

lesser of two evils. *L'Avenir* says disdainfully that "the Hoover plan is simply an election poster." *L'Ordre* bewails the weakness of France's representatives at Washington, while *Figaro* is convinced of the weakness of the entire government.

In England final acceptance of the Hoover plan is received with a unanimous burst of applause. *The Evening News* says: "France's peculiar needs have been taken into consideration, and French financial statesmanship in turn has been abandoned to the pure logic of self-interest for the more spacious prospect of better times all around."

Gratitude to America is the predominating note in German press comment. Says the *Berliner Tageblatt:*

"Germany now knows that Hoover is always ready to oppose unreasonable French demands. This knowledge is both reassuring and dangerous: one might easily overrate the distance the United States is willing to travel together with Germany."

Several German papers consider the result a fair compromise between the original French and American positions. "President Hoover won, not by a knock-out, but on points," says the Berlin *Zeitung am Mittag*, using a figure most appropriate now that a German pugilist has just won recognition as heavyweight champion of the world.

There are some slams at France. The strongest comes from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung:* "it can no longer be disputed that France wants to bleed Germany white, and then dictate to us political issues of the first magnitude."

Now that France has "signed up," Acting Secretary of State Castle has given to the press a history of the events leading up to the final agreement, which the United Press abbreviates in this manner:

"May 1.—Mr. Hoover concluded European economic conditions required assistance.

"May 6.—Frederick H. Sackett, American Ambassador to Germany, reported personally to Mr. Hoover, who asked the State and Commerce departments for all available information on Europe's plight.

"May 11.—Mr. Hoover asked Secretary of State Stimson how Europe might be aided, having in mind at the time a possible scaling down of all debts.

"June 2.—Sackett and Charles G. Dawes, Ambassador to Great Britain, reported personally to Mr. Hoover that European conditions were bad.

"June 5.—Mr. Hoover proposed his moratorium plan to Stimson and Secretary of Treasury Mellon.

"June 8.—He announced the plan to the Cabinet.

"June 13.—Mr. Hoover began a series of conferences with Owen D. Young, George R. Harrison, governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee, and Majority Leader Watson of the Senate.

"June 18.—House and Senate leaders generally were called in for conferences.

"June 19.—Stimson was instructed to outline the program to envoys of interested countries.

"June 20.—The program was made public.

"July 6.—Mr. Hoover announced agreement had been reached."

It will be remembered that the negotiations between the United States and France hinged on France's desire to continue the Young plan as nearly unchanged as possible and her insistence on definite arrangements for repayments of postponed items, for payments in kind, and for certain Young plan guaranties. Space forbids any detailed explanations, but concessions were made on both sides, and the final agreement stated the four fundamental propositions as follows:

"1. The payment of intergovernmental debts is postponed from July 1, 1931, to June 30, 1932.

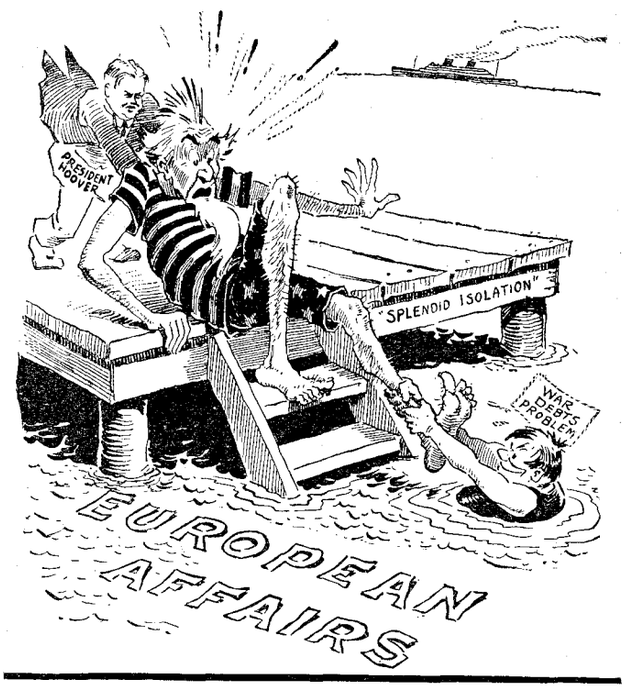
"2. However, the Reich will pay the amount of unconditional annuity. The French Government agrees, in so far as it is concerned, that the payments thus made by the Reich shall be placed by the Bank for International Settlements in guaranteed bonds of the German railroads.

"3. All suspended payments shall be subject to interest in accordance with the conditions suggested by the American Government, payable in ten annual instalments beginning with July 1, 1933.

"4. The same conditions shall apply to the bonds to be issued by the German railroads."

Certain details are left to "a committee of experts named by the interested Powers, which shall reconcile the material necessities with the spirit of President Hoover's proposal." Finally, "France reserves the right to request of the German Government indispensable assurances concerning the utilization for exclusively economic purposes of the sums freed to the Reich budget."

Perhaps this last statement was responsible for the definite statement in the manifesto issued the next day by the German Government: "an increase in the Reich's expenditures in any field whatever during the holiday year is impossible."



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—Seibel in the Richmond "Times-Dispatch."

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Revolt of the Chicago Taxpayers

TO SAVE A NEARLY PENNILESS CHICAGO from technical bankruptcy, Gov. Louis L. Emmerson summons a conference of leading financiers, captains of industry, and politicians to take the kinks out of an eighty-year-old tax system, now broken, as Owen L. Scott explains in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "by a combination of overexpenditure and undercollection due to a taxpayers' revolt."

There are 458,000 tax delinquencies on the 1929 taxes alone, reports the Chicago *Tribune;* and the tax-forfeiture system is termed by county officials an "antiquated joke."

Since 1927, it seems, in ever-increasing numbers, the taxpayers of Chicago have declared a "strike" on tax levies, which they denounce as "incomplete, illegal, fraudulent, unrevised, and incorrect."

This warfare, so different in strategy from the spectacular machine-guns and "pineapples" of Chicago's far-famed gangsters, has nevertheless produced a cumulative effect which has borne its harvest in the present crisis. Oscar Hewitt, tax expert of the Chicago *Tribune*, analyzes some of its results:

"Between a third and two-fifths of the property-owners of the central business district have not paid the taxes on their lands and buildings for 1929."

Mr. Hewitt recounts how this rebellion first broke out:

"In 1927 the revolt against the inequality of real-estate assessments occurred. More than 100,000 complaints were filed.

"The Supreme Court finally decided that the assessment was so unjust as to be illegal. The real-estate taxes that year on the so-called central business district were $600,000 more than the bill payable of May 15, last.

"The 1928 taxes, payable July last, were nearly 20 per cent. lower than in the 1927 taxes, yet only 76.49 per cent. were paid before penalty date.

"For the tax year of 1929 the county treasurer's office does not now expect more than 75 per cent. If this proves correct there will be $7,858,000 of uncollected taxes on loop real estate at the end of the tax year."

IN the last fourteen years, this analyst explains, Chicago taxes have increased 278 per cent.—"seven times as fast as the population." Also:

"The records show that more than nine-tenths of the increase is due to boosts in tax rates voted by the State legislature, usually at the request of the local officials.

"Only once in the last fifteen years have Chicago taxes failed to increase. That reduction was in 1928, which resulted from the revaluation of all real estate in Cook County.

"One politician after another attempted to block that reappraisal, and they succeeded in delaying its commencement for many months."

Intensive and systematic exploitation of the assessing function in Chicago for the past twelve years is given as the underlying cause of the silent war of the taxpayers by John O. Rees, director of the joint commission on real-estate valuations, in an interview published by the Chicago *Daily News:*

"This set of conditions and facts is one of the causes and excuses for resistance to real-estate taxation on the 1929 tax collection.

"This resistance is only a sample of what will come on a really large scale on the 1930 taxes if the assessing situation is not cleaned up.

"Refusal to pay taxes as billed is probably futile.

"However, no one can say that resisting real-estate owners have no grievance. There are far more effective methods of resistance than a mere refusal to pay taxes after bills are out.

"Any talk about better personal-property taxation is futile until the assessing machinery is completely reorganized and freed from the accumulated load of obligations for favoritism and patronage. There are no legal devices which can bring about uniform taxation of real estate and sensible taxation of personal property in spite of the taxing boards.

"The mob type of assessment organization with its thirty-eight elective officers is so involved in patronage obligations that there is no money available for the employment of competent deputies on personal-property-assessment work.

"All talk of intelligent and effective personal-property taxation is futile so long as political patronage obligations prevent the employment of some competent deputies who know the difference between balance sheets and balance wheels."

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! WE GOT OUR RIGHTS! WHY, OF ALL THE — IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL! IT'S — IT'S —"
THEY SAY WE GOT TO QUIT STEALING THE PUBLIC'S MONEY.
City of Chicago
CITY MUST CUT EXPENDITURES! CHICAGO'S TROUBLES DUE TO GRAFT & WASTE
THE POLITICIANS

Copyright, 1931, by the Chicago *Tribune*

Beginning to Worry

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

FOR *The Daily News* the tax war has at least the effect of educating the citizenry in the complex problems of municipal government:

"Now that the taxpayers finally have become acutely tax-conscious, the question of costs in local government has for them an absorbing interest. They demand that all sources of waste, graft, and official extravagance be dried up. They demand that every payment by a governing body be a legitimate payment for full value received.

"Many millions of dollars would be saved annually to Cook County taxpayers if that policy were fully and conscientiously carried out. It would not cripple any valuable public service. Thus budgetary reform and sound public finance would become possible for the first time."

FOR Owen L. Scott of the Consolidated Press there is irony in the facts that Chicago's bonded indebtedness per capita is but $94 compared to New York's $151 and Philadelphia's $207, and that its tax rate is fifty-fifth in a list of sixty-nine larger American cities. Yet—

"New York is able to borrow money at 3½ per cent. and other cities, including Detroit, which is on the verge of duplicating Chicago's situation, can do almost equally as well.

"Henry Ford has just loaned that city $5,000,000 at a flat 3½ per cent. rate. Cook County, in which Chicago is located, advertised for bids for a million dollars in bonds and received one bid at 7½ per cent. The legal maximum is 6 per cent.

"Banks have determined not to loan further to the local governments until a reform is worked in the tax machinery."

In fairness to Chicago, comments the New York *Times*, it must be admitted that many other American cities are suffering sharp increases in the cost of government, empty treasuries, and increasing public debts. "The disturbing fact is that municipal indebtedness is also rising at an extremely rapid rate, despite the higher taxes which the cities impose."

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Ending Bargain-Counter Justice

"IT IS FOR YOU to say whether the magistrates' courts shall be turned into bargain-counters where justice is bought and sold and where political leaders are brokers dealing in influence."

Samuel Seabury thus addrest the justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, as he was summing up the case against Magistrate Jesse Silbermann of the Women's Court.

The impassive mask of the New York born magistrate (who has just completed his fifty-fifth year), with its high cheekbones of Hebraic cast, its sunken hollows and sharply chiseled features, remained expressionless. The court read the decision which summarily removed him from the bench because he had been "improperly influenced by political considerations in imposing sentences," and had been, according to the report of the New York *Times*, "unfair and unjudicial in the conduct of specified cases."

This decision, according to *The Times*, sets a precedent as to what constitutes cause for removal and may be "a destructive blow at the structure of the existing political machine in New York City." It is, we read, "the fifth magisterial head to fall since the inquiry into the lower courts began last September, and the seventh since the beginning of 1930." As summarized in *The Times:*

"The first in the inquiry was Magistrate Francis X. McQuade, who resigned rather than face investigation, and he was followed in order by Henry M. R. Goodman and George W. Simpson.

"Magistrate Jean H. Norris, the first woman to be appointed to the bench in New York City, was removed for cause.

"The toll is one-fifth of the total number of magistrates in Manhattan and the Bronx.

"In March of 1930 Magistrate Albert H. Vitale was removed for accepting a $20,000 loan from Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, and George F. Ewald later resigned after being charged with the purchase of his appointment."

International

"Take My Picture Inside!"

Jesse Silbermann wards off the pitiless lenses of the press cameras, as he goes to face the judges who decreed his removal from the Magistrate's bench.

THE influence of James W. Brown, a Tammany district leader, upon the verdicts rendered by Magistrate Silbermann is ironically dramatized by the editor of the Hartford *Courant*, in narrating the politician's testimony:

"'Now,' asked Mr. Samuel Seabury, the prosecuting investigator, 'in the exercise of your civic duty, you see magistrates in behalf of defendants—you look after their interests, they're your children and you look after them like a father—is that it?'

"'Practically, yes,' said Mr. Brown.

"'Does it make any difference to you if they are Republicans or Democrats?'

"'Not a bit,' said Mr. Brown with a fatherly expression, 'that's the way we make Democrats. All I want is for them to vote the Democratic ticket.'

"And there you have it. Mr. Brown, standing *in loco parentis* to his beloved district, interferes with magistrates when his children are, to use a vulgar term, 'hauled up.' Petty thieves, shoplifters and the like look to him for protection.

"And in payment, if one may use so coarse a word to describe so beautiful a transaction?

"Nothing. Positively nothing, except a vote—which costs nothing—on election day."

New York dailies as well as those of other municipalities are unanimous in extending thanks to Judge Seabury, who is conducting the movement for a regenerated city government, and to the Appellate Division. This housecleaning of the bar and bench must continue, in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The magistrates' courts in Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond still have to come under the scrutiny of the efficient Seabury organization.

"Also there is much to be done in the municipal courts.

"When these courts of inferior jurisdiction have been purged, it is to be hoped that some method may be devised to keep them under more careful official supervision in the future.

"For denial of justice there is denial of justice to the larger proportion of our citizens."

The World-Telegram believes that the removal of Jesse Silbermann on these charges is in itself impressive:

"Obviously a new day is arriving when a high court even indirectly rebukes a political leader for influencing a judge he helped create."

Death's Busy Day

DEATH TOOK no holiday on the Fourth of July, remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, commenting on the Associated Press's estimate of 354 lives lost in the celebration of our one-hundred-and-fifty-fifth Independence Day.

To this Philadelphia daily, as well as to most other papers, it is a consolation to realize that only eight persons seem to have been killed by accidents due to fireworks and explosives—the major cause of fatalities in days of the old-fashioned "Fourth." But, notes *The Inquirer:*

"While there was an improvement from this angle, the fatalities increased in other directions. Thus, drownings—in ocean, lakes, and rivers—accounted for 139 deaths. Automobile accidents were next with 118 victims.

"A new element of danger came to notice with the announcement of at least eight airplane fatalities. It is not easy to get accurate statistics, but it is evident from the figures on hand that the Fourth of July continues to be a significant—if not a hazardous—day in these United States.

"Probably the moral of this is that we are a careless, if not a foolhardy, people.

"We take big chances on jammed highways, and the consequences are shown in the growing lists of deaths and accidents on Sundays and holidays."

THE reformers who fought for the "tamer but safer" Fourth of July, adds the New York *Herald Tribune*, "have been a thousand times right in terms of lives saved and injuries prevented." The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* hopes that this year's lesson will not be forgotten when July 4, 1932, arrives:

"The fact that most of these deaths and accidents could, with a little forethought, have been avoided, only complicates reflection upon the matter.

"But one thing stands out to any one who reads the story of the fatalities; namely, that on any holiday when beaches are crowded, roads jammed with racing cars, and the disposition to court danger the mind of the moment, every citizen should take his fun without losing sight of the compound risks which the carnival spirit encourages. To enjoy one's leisure without violence is a difficult lesson; but we must learn it, if we are ever to escape this annual casualty list on the Fourth of July."

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Farm States Rage at the Farm Board

WHEAT GROWING IN ALL DIRECTIONS—wonderful golden wheat, the staff of life, its yellow heads bowing to the reaper and the combine as, across the bountiful fields, the July harvest sweeps to the northern limits of the hard winter wheat belt.

In these terms correspondents of Eastern dailies describe the 1931 bumper crop of the wheat belt—estimated at hundreds of millions of bushels.

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The Farmer: "Glory Be! I May Be Next"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

But the very sight of this "ocean of yellow wheat," stretching out to the horizon, makes the wheat-growers gnash their teeth with rage. Because, as a reporter of the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) grimly announces, if the growers receive from 35 to 40 cents a bushel at country shipping points, "every bushel represents a loss . . . of at least from 10 to 15 cents."

Their rage at the prospect of bankruptcy stalking through these fields is voiced in such papers as the Wichita *Beacon*, and by political representatives like Senator Capper and former Gov. Clyde M. Reed of Kansas. They were heard by President Hoover, who asked the Federal Farm Board for a definite statement of policy on the disposal of its two-hundred-million-bushel store of "stabilization" wheat.

Wheat-growers demanded that this should not be, as the Wichita *Beacon* (Ind.) exprest it, "dumped on the market in ruinous competition with the producers of Kansas and other wheat-growing States."

But the Farm Board, as numerous Washington correspondents relate, was learning a bitter lesson in the high cost of hoarding. Last year its subsidiary organization, the Grain Stabilization Corporation, had, as the Lynchburg (Va.) *News* (Dem.) ironically explains, "leapt into the wheat pit and bought and bought and bought." Now the storage charges on this "carry-over" wheat are mounting to the tune of some $4,000,000 a month or at least $36,000,000 a year.

Truly, comments the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "that 200,000,000 bushels of 'stabilization' wheat has become as large a white elephant as the figure symbolic of the party that created it."

Therefore, in response to President Hoover's request for a revision of policy, Chairman James C. Stone of the Farm Board announces that the corporation will limit its sales to 5,000,000 bushels a month, beginning with July, and will not sell below the present range of prices.

But this announcement has only intensified the consternation in the wheat-growing States. Their alarm is made more acute, a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* specifies, by the hordes of implement men and credit-corporation representatives who are infesting the wheat belt.

"It is difficult to obtain a hotel room in the big machine-farming country, so many of these collectors are on hand. It is understood that when a farmer mortgages his crop the holder of the mortgage is entitled to first collections until the debt is satisfied.

"The farmer, forced to make a payment on machinery, even if he is not a tenant owing a third rent to the landlord, may find, despite his wonderful crop, that when he is through harvesting he still hasn't paid out. Then is when the howl will rise, especially if the farmer still owes from last year."

A SPECIAL poll of the press of the wheat-growing States undertaken by THE LITERARY DIGEST indicates the prevailing temper in the present crisis.

The Wichita *Beacon*, which led the campaign for the withdrawal of the stabilization wheat from the market, denounces the Farm Board's policy as "an insult to the President and an unforgivable affront to the American public, especially the grain producers of Kansas and other Southwestern States."

"The document is evasive, unintelligent, and vicious, in keeping with the continued policies of Chairman James C. Stone and former Chairman Alexander Legge, opposed to the interests of the farmer and designed to curry favor in the thickly populated States of the industrial East, where it is imagined cheap food prices will prevail if the wheat-growers are forced to the wall and compelled to dispose of their possessions under the hammer of the auctioneer.

"President Hoover appointed the members of the Farm Board. He has the authority to remove them.

"There is only one answer to the intolerable situation that exists; it lies in the immediate ouster of Chairman Stone, and other members of the Board, if necessary, to effect the desired reforms, to allow their places to be filled by men who understand the problems of the farmer."

All Drest Up and No Place to Go

—Ray in the Kansas City "Star."

Critics of the Farm Board, announces the Topeka *Capital* (Rep.), can now say that "the Board is indulging in more

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weasel words." From neighboring Nebraska, the Omaha *World-Herald* is even more outspoken in its denunciation:

"The farmers, it should be remembered, never asked for the Farm Board.

"Herbert Hoover and an obedient Congress forced it down their throats.

"The farmers never asked the Government to go into the business of gambling in grain at the taxpayers' expense. The Farm Board did that of its own volition. It did so after President Hoover, pressing for the passage of his bill, had assured Congress that the Farm Board would not 'engage in buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses can only lead to bureaucracy and domination.'

"What came of that broken promise was worse than bureaucracy and domination; it was disaster to the farmer.

"And now that the farmers plead for relief from the Government's own costly meddling, the answer they get is a pat on the back and a punch to the jaw."

For the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), fully cognizant of the wheat crisis, the statement of the Farm Board changes the situation not at all, no definite assurance being given that the surplus wheat can be disposed of in a manner to help prices.

"What the West needs in the existing emergency is a pledge that for a definite period the carry-over shall not be permitted to compete with the new wheat.

"Then and only then would prices rise to the level established by the current supply and demand."

On the other hand, the Emporia *Gazette* (Rep.), which all along has exprest its feeling that any policy of the Grain Stabilization Board for the disposal of its "white elephant" wheat would make little difference, now notes sardonically that "this morning wheat opened in Chicago almost two cents lower." *The Gazette* (William Allen White broadcasting?) reads a little lecture in elementary economics:

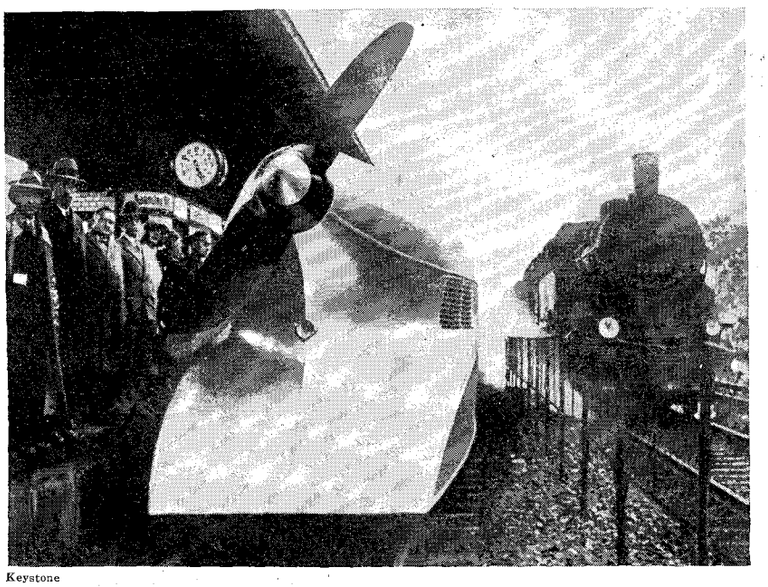
"The present low price of wheat is largely brought about, not by any present action of the Farm Board but by their past mistake of buying and holding the surplus, instead of letting it go to Europe at last year's price.

"They did this, not because they wanted to, but because we Kansas wheat-growers clamored for them to do it.

"A benevolent dictator would probably have grinned at our yells last summer and refused to buy wheat, knowing that it was for our best interests in the long run. But our democratic government, as we proudly boast, is peculiarly responsible to public opinion. Public opinion may temporarily make some bad mistakes. This was one of them."

Other wheat-growing sections refuse to place the blame for the present crisis upon the Farm Board. For the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Ind.), the logical sequel to scrapping the market stabilization experiment is for the Farm Board to get rid of its huge hoard of wheat quickly without depressing the price:

"Clean the bins, get its money out, throw off the dead hand of an experiment that is no more, and make way for whatever is to follow in the future."



Keystone

The New and the Old on Rails

The "rail Zeppelin" (left) cut in half the running time of the fastest express train between Hamburg and Berlin, and broke all records for railroad transportation.

Wings Sprout on the "Iron Horse"

A SILVER-GRAY ARROW ZOOMED over the rails. For its first run over a regular commercial route, Franz Krukenberg's propeller-driven "rail Zeppelin" (described in The Literary Digest for December 6, 1930) left Hamburg at 3:27 A. M., tore through Hagenow at 3:58, streaked through Ludwiglust at 4:05, took on speed until it had attained 143.75 miles an hour, and finally, at 5:04:74, with a triumphant blast of its siren, halted at Spandau, in the western suburbs of Berlin. So Kendall Foss excitedly cables to the New York *Times*.

The "bullet car" had covered 173 miles in 97 minutes and 45 seconds.

Officials of the Reichsbahn (State Railways) crowded forward to greet Herr Krukenberg on his successful "inauguration of a new era in railroad transportation."

The American press, on the whole, is inclined to agree that this German claim is true. To meet growing competition, the railroad must conquer more speed. As *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) notes, "the iron horse must grow wings":

"Curiously enough, at a time when the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of George Stephenson is being celebrated, railroad systems practically all over the world are having a stiff battle to show a margin of profit.

"The airplane, the automobile, the motor-bus, the truck, all have made inroads on transportation and considerably reduced the opportunities for revenue which once were afforded to the locomotive.

"But a brighter prospect looms in the news from Germany of a streamlined, propeller-driven 'rail Zeppelin' which, at a favorable point on the route, established a world's record on rails of 143.75 miles an hour.

"This puts the railway in the airplane class for speed, and bids fair to surmount one of the greatest obstacles in the competition for patronage. Altho still in an experimental stage, the 'rail Zeppelin' is regarded as opening a new era in railway transportation."

Noting that the twelve-cylindered "rail Zeppelin" beat airplane time between Hamburg and Berlin by four minutes, that it can carry fifty passengers, and that it gets four miles out of a gallon of gasoline, the Washington *Evening Star* concludes:

"Speed in the air, speed on land, and speed afloat is the motto of this fast-traveling generation.

"Transatlantic ships have made their appearance in the past few years which boil through the ocean from Europe to America at an average of nearly thirty knots, a speed which carries the passenger from one continent to another in slightly more than four days.

"Railroad schedules have likewise been made faster, and the crack trains in America are keeping up with them.

"Unquestionably, the airplane has pointed the way for more speed in all forms of transportation. The confirmed flying traveler can see no reason for spending five hours on a train when he can cover the distance in two hours by plane, and the railroads must quicken their service to secure his patronage."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE suppose the Ryder trophy is a tee cup.—*Ohio State Journal.*

IT is generally believed that business is now going from its pique to its peak.—*Louisville Times.*

EVIDENTLY a war isn't over until you finish saving the country you finished licking.—*Bethlehem Globe-Times.*

WHAT we want to know is, where is all this gold that has been coming from Europe?—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

A COLLEGE professor says a mosquito can fly fourteen hours without settling. Then why doesn't it?—*Kansas City Star.*

A CORRESPONDENT in a picture-paper describes Phil Scott, the boxer, as a fine business man. He certainly seems to know the ropes.—*Punch.*

BUSINESS can't be as bad as we thought it was, when business men have so much time to devote to worrying over whether a golf-ball weighs 1.62 or 1.55 ounces.—*Judge.*

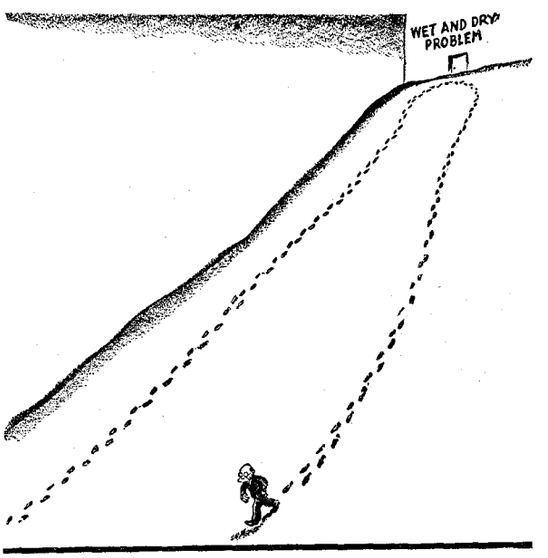
AND if you make a better mouse-trap, Russia will hire you to teach her the trick and then undersell you.—*Dubuque American Tribune.*

ANYHOW, the United States is better off with its treasury in the red than Russia with a Red in its treasury.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

MELLON'S unofficial visits seem so official that it is good to learn, semiofficially, that they are not.—*Berlin Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.*

STRANGE as it may seem, Europe's response to our invitation to stop paying us for a year is positively enthusiastic. — *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

LOOKS like about the only way to insure preservation of the wild flowers of this country is to cross them with poison-ivy.—*Ohio State Journal.*



History of the Wickersham Expedition

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

"I TRAMPLE everything underfoot to reach my objective," says a fiction detective. So he's the guy that comes in late when we have an aisle seat.—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

DR. PICCARD, famous balloonist, says that from a height of ten miles the earth resembles a huge dish. We had no idea the depression was so noticeable.—*Life.*

IT'S all right to rejoice internationally about the debt-holiday, but don't forget there will still be the holiday-debt to worry about before the summer is over.—*Boston Herald.*

FATHERS' DAY was observed here without distressing incident. There was some passive resistance to the cigars and neckties, but no known cases of violence.—*The New Yorker.*

A SOCIAL leader says people are fonder of their homes than ever before. Maybe he believes in that old saw about absence making the heart grow fonder.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE retrenchment movement seems to have reached the gangsters at last, with the result that several of them are going to prison to save funeral expenses.—*New York Evening Post.*

THERE is again a rumor that feminine gowns may be fastened behind once more. A good light job, we should think, would be hooking up the back of a woman's evening dress nowadays.—*Boston Herald.*

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION issues an order that canoes out in the moonlight in navigable waters must be equipped with proper lights. If the Bureau of Navigation had a lick of sense it would know the proper light for a canoe out in the moonlight is moonlight.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE country also needs lighter whines.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

ENGLAND'S Labor Government just staggers from one victory to another.—*Martin's Ferry (Ohio) Times.*

WHEN the year is up, Europe may want to place the accent on that "more" in moratorium.—*Wichita Eagle.*

HOW the language changes! Only yesterday a racket was a big noise, and now it's on the quiet.—*New Britain Herald.*

A NEW London theater is so small that people in the audience can overhear what the players are saying to each other.—*Punch.*

THE flappers are surely good-hearted creatures. They wear furs in the summertime, when the animals don't need 'em.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger.*

OTHER nations somehow managed to put up with it when Russia only raised hell on a big scale, but now that she's resumed raising wheat . . . !—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT seems to be a rule. The more a man deserves jailing, the longer it takes to convict him.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IT'S funny how the stock market perks up at the news that the world's biggest account is uncollectable.—*Dallas News.*

AN astronomer says that electrons and atoms are always at war. Up, electron and atom!—*New York Evening Post.*

CALVIN COOLIDGE can now take a vacation without having to wear Indian togs and a ten-gallon hat.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MR. HOOVER acted after getting a long letter from President Hindenburg. The Hindenburg line must be as good as ever.—*Wichita Eagle.*

BEFORE laughing too much at the United States Navy for its lack of men trained to sail "Old Ironsides," landlubbers should ask themselves whether they still know how to harness a horse.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

EGGS are used in some parts of Armenia instead of money. But doubtful currency is not, of course, tested by banging it on the counter.—*The Humorist (London).*

KING CAROL, a dispatch from Roumania states, has improved the economic situation. But the domestic situation remains just about the same.—*New York Evening Post.*

OUR idea of a belated improvement is the invention of welded-steel-frame houses contemporaneous with a steady decline in the number of children.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A GRADE school in San Francisco has laid out a golf-course behind its plant, which may build up the little ones physically, tho it's bound to ruin their addition.—*Detroit News.*

A NEW discovery in physics is said to "fill the gap in the Einstein theory." We're the sort of fellow to whom the Einstein theory is practically all gap.—*New York Evening Post.*

GOVERNMENT figures show that 50,000 less people got passports this year than did last year. Well, in times of depression people are in no mood to look at passport photos of themselves.—*Judge.*

A SHIRT-MANUFACTURING concern is reopening its plants, no doubt in the conviction that this country is going to keep its shirt on.—*Wichita Eagle.* No doubt in the conviction that this country, after all this Republican prosperity, is in the market for a shirt.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Has Stalin Junked Communism?

THE BANKRUPTCY OF COMMUNISM, declare some anti-Soviet editors, is admitted by Joseph Stalin, Soviet Russia's "Big Boss" and "man of steel," as his name indicates.

Originally he was Djugashvili, a cobbler's boy in the Caucasus, we learn from the press, who left home at thirteen with a goat's milk-cheese and a scholarship in a church school. To-day, having overthrown or held at bay all his political rivals, he is recognized by many as the most powerful single-handed ruler in all Europe.

But his speech, published several weeks after its delivery, ordering a general overhauling of labor and industrial conditions in Russia, with significant changes and, in some cases, wide differences from previous practises of Soviet development, startles onlookers outside Russia to question whether he is not throwing Communism to the winds and guiding his new economic policy audaciously along capitalistic lines. In a previous speech he admitted that "we are dizzy with success." But in his later utterance, which awakens world-wide interest, he outlined a program, say Moscow Associated Press dispatches, which embraces the following points:

Stalin at the Helm

"We are dizzy with success!"
—"De Groene Amsterdammer."

"Readjustment of wages to make the scale commensurate with the type of labor performed; the halt of workers from shifting from one place to another to improve their living conditions.

"Remedy of the growing labor shortage by attracting more peasants to industries as agriculture progresses toward mechanization.

"Improvement of the organization of labor in industry in order to distribute the proper strength among the factories and to end irresponsible methods.

"To have the working class develop its own intelligentsia of such skilled workers as engineers and technicians.

"To change the policy toward specialists of the old order to attract more of them to industry.

"To increase the interior sources of industry and develop the piece-work system.

"Even under Socialism, wages must be paid according to the work done, and not according to the needs of the workers.

"In many of our factories the wage system is such as to leave no difference between the skilled and unskilled worker, and between hard and easy labor.

"This leads to unskilled workers showing no interest in raising their qualifications, and skilled workers move from factory to factory in search of a place where their qualifications will be more valued.

"To give this shifting a free hand would undermine our industry, wreck our plan of production, and stop improvement in the quality of manufactured goods.

"We must destroy such equal wages. It is unbearable to see the locomotive driver receiving the same wages as a bookkeeper."

A LITERARY DIGEST cable poll of journals in England, France, Germany, and Russia shows first of all that many London newspapers interpret the Stalin speech as an abandonment of basic Communist principles in favor of capitalistic methods and a confession that the Five-Year Plan has failed. The London *Evening Standard* speaks of "the death-knell of the Five-Year Plan and a tardy confession of gigantic failure."

"STALIN, the man of steel, is bent," declares the London *Star*, "and with him the system which he supported. The old Communist order changeth."

Underwood photograph

"The Man of Steel"

Stalin, or Djugashvili, the cobbler's boy of the Caucasus who made good as the "Big Boss" of Soviet Russia.

But the London *Evening News* warns that Russia's potential menace "now has become deadly with the discarding of Communism, for the rest of the world could afford to laugh as long as Marxist and Leninist Communists ruled." Says the ultra-Conservative London *Morning Post:*

"Stalin has discovered that the greatest enemy of the Communist system is human nature, and now he has been compelled, when faced by a breakdown of the Communist machine, to make a concession to that enemy.

"Stalin's new policy is inspired by no more worthy motive than to make the Bolshevik fighting machine more efficient, more brutal, more godless."

ANOTHER Conservative organ, *The Daily Telegraph*, is convinced that:

"Stalin may be intending to further the Five-Year Plan, but he is renouncing the faith of its authors. The attempt to renounce capitalism has been abandoned. The essence of Stalin's utterance is a tacit admission that Socialism and human nature can not be made to mix."

Claiming to be the only British newspaper correspondent who spent last winter in Russia, C. J. Ketchum, a special representative of the London *Daily Express*, writes:

"The Five-Year Plan has failed. The great Russian experiment that was to convert overnight a race of peasants into a nation of skilled industrialists has crashed—and the dream of Communism lies dead in the wreckage. That is the picture which Stalin has broadcast to the world."

Crossing the Channel to Paris, we find *Le Journal* observing cynically:

"It is easy to see the game.

"The new Russian policy consists simply in seeking means to correct the weaknesses of the Soviet system. At first they asked capital from capitalists. Now they ask work stimulants.

"Those nations which denounce most energetically the dumping of the products of Soviet slavery; those which, like the United States, refuse officially to recognize the Bolshevik régime, compete in their ardor to furnish the Soviets with the capital needed to develop the Five-Year Plan, which is destined to provide formidable world competition.

"One would have to pass the limits of simpleness to be duped

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by Stalin's declarations when he announces a policy authorizing the rich peasants who were despoiled of their lands to recover their properties, reestablishing inequality of salaries and kinder treatment of the bourgeoisie."

The French Socialist newspaper, *La Victoire*, sees in Stalin's declarations a return to capitalist formulas:

"Stalin declares that there are good workmen, and others who are only laborers, but that good workers can be made only by raising salaries of certain classes of workers. What becomes, then, of the holy proletarian equality?"

Under the headline "Stalin Confesses the Bankruptcy of Communism," the Berlin *Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung* declares that the Soviet leader's speech—

"is explicit proof that Russian economic life more and more is forsaking Communist doctrines and is gradually drifting into a state of capitalism.

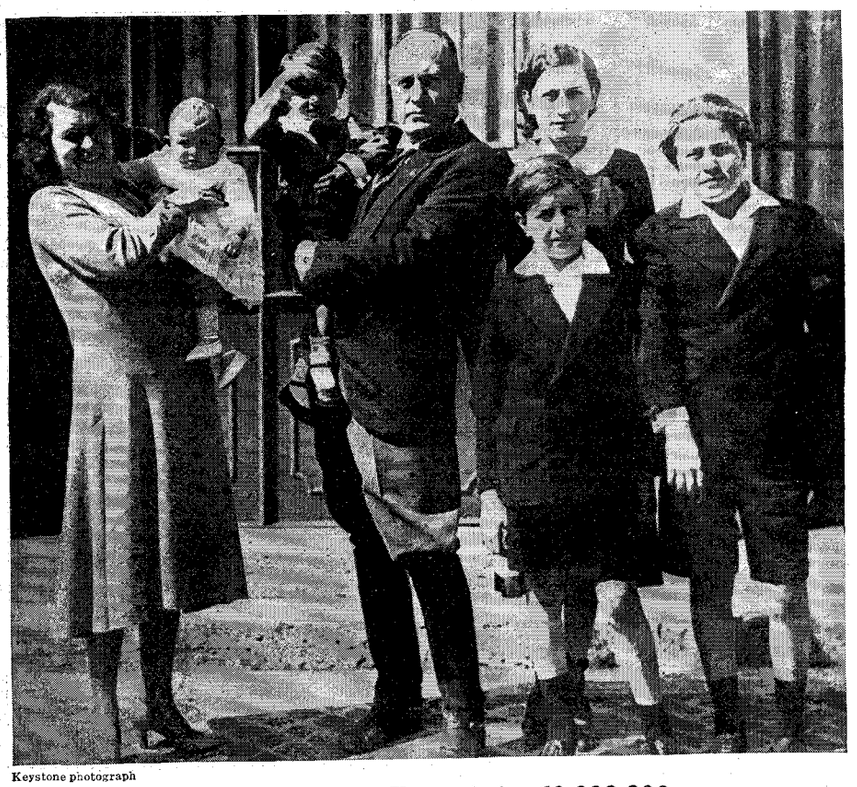
"Russian economic life doubtless will profit by the method which Stalin is advocating, especially since it means forsaking Socialistic prejudices. Nevertheless, it remains to be seen whether these concessions to capitalistic principles are sufficiently far-reaching to free Russia from its isolation and to open up new vistas of commercial relations with the world."

Says the Communist Moscow *Pravda:*

"Stalin's statement directly indicates new conditions requiring immediate reorganization of working methods and the complete destruction of a series of working habits which at present are hampering our advancement."

Pravda insists that in view of Stalin's proposals, 4,000,000 Communist youths must devote themselves to raising their living standards, and proceeds:

"We are responsible for the fact that the Stalingrad tractor plant lacks lunch-rooms; that the Kaganovitch coal-miners lack baths, even showers. To work the new way, under new conditions, means to learn to struggle for baths, lunch-rooms, and cleanliness the same as we struggle for realization of our industrial plan or for objects of world importance."



Keystone photograph

His Contribution Toward the 60,000,000

The children of Premier Benito Mussolini, who says that Italy should enter the second half of this century with a population of not less than 60,000,000.

The "More Babies" Drive in Italy

AN INCREASE OF 9 PER CENT. in the birth-rate of Italy during the past twenty-two months is said to give Italy the densest population of any country in Europe except Germany.

Yet the Italian marriage ratio, say Rome dispatches, is the smallest of any large European Power.

This record of newcomers to sunny Italy is ascribed to the "more babies" campaign of Premier Benito Mussolini, and latest statistics indicate that it may prove an overwhelming success.

In addressing a group of women at the start of the campaign, Mussolini is reported to have said in part:

"Ladies, Italy, to count for anything, should enter the second half of this century with a population not less than 60,000,000.

"60,000,000 Italians will make felt the force of their strength in world history."

From a Rome United Press dispatch we learn:

"Provincial but official figures in the new census show a population of 42,118,435, or an increase of 3,407,859 over 1921.

"In ten years the population increased 6.1 per cent. behind only Russia and Germany, but the rate of increase has been greater in the few years since Mussolini inaugurated his campaign for large families.

"Since March, 1929, the birth-rate has been increasing steadily, the statistics show, and Italy now has the densest population in Europe excepting Germany.

"The margin of births over deaths is almost twice as large as that of the nearest competitor, Germany.

"Fascist officials contend that the 'more babies' campaign has been entirely responsible for the record.

"There were twenty-six children born for every 1,000 inhabitants in Italy last year, while the death-rate was 13.7 per thousand.

A Literary Digest poll by cable of the Italian press reveals the Milan *Corriere della Sera* as saying:

"Italy, fully armed with faith, wants to obey the laws of life and have strong sons to develop the country's program of work and reach forth for new conquests of civilization.

"There are not many nations like Italy which are able to show the world a birth-rate increase similar to ours, which is not due merely to material multiplication, but to health and physiological exuberance."

Tracing the history of the rise and fall of the birth-rate in various countries, this Milan daily is convinced that Italy's increase of births is due to "the stimulation of energies and sense of nationalism deriving from Fascism," and it adds:

"The results of the census are very satisfactory.

"Italy now holds for the number of her inhabitants the third place in Europe, following Russia and Germany. It is interesting to notice how from the Risorgimento onward the country's importance has grown in direct ratio to its increase in population."

The Turin *Stampa* finds nothing odious in comparing birth increases in Italy and Germany with the decrease in France, and it discovers pointed political significance in Italy's bounding birth-rate. And to the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* the results of the census are gratifying because they show that Italy has more than 42,000,000 inhabitants "ready to maintain her position in the world."

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State Salary Slashes in Japan

THE BIGGEST HOWL of indignation the Japanese Government of Prime Minister Baron Wakatsuki has heard was aroused by the proposal to reduce the salaries of government employees.

Agitation against it in the various branches of the government service, we are told, was waged for days with ever-growing strength. But it stopt almost at once at the announcement of the Imperial sanction of the cut, which became effective on June 1.

Basically, notes the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, an American-owned weekly, the plan makes reductions running from 3 per cent. to 20 per cent. in the salaries of virtually all government employees receiving $50 or more per month.

But, this informant goes on to say, because a 3 per cent. reduction on a $50 salary would make it less than the salary of those now being paid $49, the $50 salaries will be fixt summarily at $49. *The Trans-Pacific* goes on to relate how the lowering of salaries was received by judges, college professors, and railway men:

"An exception was made in the case of court judges because of their contention that, under the law governing the courts, they were exempt from salary reductions.

"The Cabinet at first placed a different interpretation upon this law, but finally decided to postpone enforcement of the plan as far as the judiciary is concerned until the Diet can pass upon the matter.

"It was also announced that professors and assistant professors in government universities would be included in the program. Their salaries will be reduced in the same ratio as those of other employees.

"Rumors of a last-minute attempt by radical elements to promote a strike among railway employees, taking advantage of discontent aroused by the impending salary reductions, were current in Tokyo, but these proved without foundation.

"The police, however, were taking no chances, and they immediately arrested a number of suspected radicals, thirty-four in all.

"The authorities also censored telephone messages in and out of the principal railway stations, and took other measures to prepare for an emergency, should one arise."

JAPANESE press approval of the Government's salary slashes is not wide-spread. Indeed the Hochi *Shimbun* seems the only journal to consider the act laudable. This daily believes the program should be supported by the people at large, and it argues:

"There is no reason why the government employees should be paid at rates fixt when commodity prices were on a higher level. Every taxpayer has been demanding reductions in the salaries of officials. It is the taxpayer who pays the officials.

"Failure of the authorities to reduce the government pay-roll would have resulted in the creation of a situation in which taxpayers would have protested by refusing to pay taxes.

"It is regrettable that the Cabinet adopted the program of salary reduction with amendments. Reports say that the Cabinet at the same time decided not to reduce the government personnel.

"This decision is most unfortunate. It causes us to doubt if the administrative reform commission can achieve much."

About 50,000 government employees will be affected by the cut, says the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi*.

The amount of money which will be saved each year is put at $3,000,000, this newspaper tells us, and it gravely questions whether the Cabinet will be helped much in covering the expected deficit of from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000 in the budget for the current fiscal year.

A German Glance at German Radicals

NEVER TOO OFTEN can the world outside be reminded of Germany's perilous condition.

This is the claim of some observers beyond the borders of the new republic as well as many within. An ominous symptom to some German writers is the strength of radicalism in a nation not naturally inclined to extremist politics.

But, we are told, extremism in politics, whether toward the Right or toward the Left, is the direct consequence of the frightful economic conditions in Germany. One-twelfth of the population is workless, and, what is worse, waves of despair seem to be engulfing especially the young people.

Germany's Race With the Wolves

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

A distinguished German political leader and publicist, Dr. Koch-Weser, in *Die Hilfe* (Berlin), makes the following list of German political parties:

1. The party of the Republican Government—former Democrats who were unable to accomplish anything.
2. Social-Democrats. They are trying to socialize the republic, and reveal themselves above all as syndicalists.
3. The Communist party, which takes its orders from Moscow. Dangerous, if misery passes endurance.
4. Nationalist-Socialists. Not so dangerous. Party of the after-war declassed. Has only a negative program.

WHAT remedy can there be for Germany's present situation? asks Dr. Koch-Weser, as he continues:

"Germany has always found it difficult to keep alive her 60,000,000 inhabitants. She has sacrificed everything to industry.

"She has no outlet, and emigration is beyond her.

"Then she is burdened with war debts at home and abroad. This situation ought to be understood by the world, which should help hard-working Germany, the friend of orderliness, so that it does not drift into revolution and despair."

Lest some think that the Hoover debt holiday eliminates all sources of danger in Germany, a government manifesto issued at Berlin advises us in part:

"Even after the reparations holiday starts operating, Germany will in no wise be relieved from its economic and financial distress.

"Germany can not utilize the means rendered available to diminish sacrifices which the Government has been forced to exact from the people—altho some hardships may be alleviated."

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How British Diplomats "Muddle Through"

MONOCLED SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, austere, dignified, and thoroughly tested in the crucible of Britain's foreign affairs, is astonished, if not amazed, at the way foreign interpreters view Britain's policy.

Perhaps his surprize has been intensified by some French comments on British diplomacy in connection with the British attitude toward President Hoover's debt-holiday rallying call.

As Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from November, 1924, to June, 1929, the Right Honorable Sir Joseph Austen Chamberlain, K.G.—to give him his full title—noted particularly, among other things, that nothing in foreign comment on British policy surprizes an Englishman more than the frequent attribution to British statesmen, of all parties and in all times, of an almost Machiavellian subtlety in the design and an unalterable persistence in the execution of their plans.

Such a picture, he avows, in *Foreign Affairs*—an American quarterly review (New York)—seems to lack even the resemblance of a caricature to the original and to attribute to the conduct of Britain's foreign relations the one characteristic which, "whether for good or evil, it most conspicuously lacks."

Yet the charge is constantly made—sometimes as in reproach, sometimes with admiration and almost with envy—and, Sir Austen adds, it is "certainly believed." Looking for an explanation and also for the actual truth in the matter, he discovers that "both are perhaps to be found in a characteristic of British psychology," and he proceeds to contrast the British with the Germans and the French. As he puts it:

"The German is by nature a systematizer. He excels in organization. He likes to see where he is going, to foresee as far as may be the accidents of the route, and to be assured of good accommodation at the end of his journey 'according to plan.'

"How often did not the phrase recur during the war in German bulletins? 'The plan' was at once their security and their danger—often their most efficient instrument, but sometimes their master.

"The Englishman, on the other hand, finds such systematic planning irksome and uncongenial. He submits himself to it with reluctance even when circumstances impose it on him, and, even while submitting, he distrusts the process in which he is engaged, doubts his power to pierce the mists of the future, and secretly relies on his capacity to meet emergencies as they arise.

"In difficult times there is no more common ending to a political discussion between Englishmen than the phrase: 'Well, I suppose we shall muddle through somehow.' It could never occur to a German or a Frenchman to seek consolation in such a reflection."

SIR AUSTEN adds that the difference is as marked between the mental processes of Englishmen and Frenchmen.

Recognizing in themselves distaste for systematic thought and inherent distrust of long-prepared solutions, Sir Austen tells us that the British are at a loss to understand criticisms which impute to them schemes which they have never entertained and a subtlety of thought of which they feel themselves incapable.

They are not ashamed of being called empirical, he assures us, and they admit, they may even boast, that they are guided less by logic than by instinct, and are prepared to confess that, when they "feel somehow" that a certain cause is wise or right, they are apt to take it without more ado.

If you ask the average Englishman, Sir Austen informs us, what are the permanent bases of British foreign policy, he will probably reply that there is nothing permanent about it and, if prest further, say: "Oh, I suppose peace. We are 'a nation of shopkeepers,' you know." If you want more, he will have to think, remarks Sir Austen as he adds:

"Yet there must be some foundation for the very opposite view taken by foreign observers, and, perhaps, such underlying unity as exists in British foreign policy is more easily perceived by a foreigner than a native, just as family likenesses are quickly recognized by strangers, whereas members of the family circle see only the individual differences.

"If, then, we are to find some influences permanently at work in molding British foreign policy, we must surely seek them in causes which are equally permanent.

"The influence of geography on history is a commonplace of modern thought, and the geographical situation of Great Britain has been in fact the dominant factor in determining her development, whether consciously planned or, as has happened far more often, instinctively pursued.

"Three geographical facts have been decisive for the course of British history and explain, as they dictate, the main principles of British policy and the preoccupations of British statesmen. First, Great Britain is an island, but, secondly, this island is separated only by a narrow streak of water from the Continent of Europe. Thirdly, this island has become the center of a wide-flung empire whose arterial roads are on the oceans and through the narrow seas."

ANOTHER point made by Sir Austen is that Britain desires "much more than the maintenance of peace." It wishes, by all means in her power, we are told, to remove all causes of friction, to wipe out the memory of old quarrels, and to place and keep her relations on a footing of cordial friendship and good understanding.

He assures us further that it can safely be said that no Government will ever command or retain the support of the British people which is thought for a moment needlessly to jeopardize the good relations of Britain and the United States. He ends with: "It is our earnest prayer that, in whatever differences the future may bring forth, we may meet with a like spirit across the Atlantic Ocean."

Future Importance of the Polar Regions

WHAT NATION WILL EVENTUALLY claim the North and South poles? Asking this question in *Toute la Terre* (Paris), Victor Forbin admits that the barren regions which surround the two poles of this planet may soon become a source of international dispute.

He concludes that "the master of these ice deserts will control the great airways of a future which is, perhaps, much closer to us than we suppose."

Speaking of recent expeditions to these inhospitable regions, Mr. Forbin shrewdly notes:

"These expeditions did not go there for the sport of hunting white bears, musk-oxen, or other animals of the polar regions hostile to man; their exclusive aim was to study meteorology with a view of establishing air-lines which would link (and sooner or later will link) Europe and North America.

"For the shortest route between these two parts of the earth is exactly that one which lies over Greenland and the Franklin Archipelago. It would save, for aviators, as for dirigibles, thousands of miles.

"And it offers this additional advantage, during the summer months, thanks to the length of the day in those latitudes: Leaving London or Paris in the morning, the dirigible or the airplane would reach on the evening of the same day the zone of the midnight sun, and would not leave it during the duration of the voyage, so that the passengers would constantly benefit by the light, and might even alight in Montreal or New York before nightfall.

"Besides, all that is needed is a glance at a globe or a map of the world to note the importance of the Arctic regions from the point of view of aerial navigation: the most populated countries are grouped around them, the greatest cities of the old and new worlds are grouped about the polar regions and the 40-degree latitude north.

"Thus it is always by the Arctic regions that the shortest aerial route passes, even if it is a question of linking Tokyo or Peiping with Paris, London, or New York."

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Mary Wigman Explains the Artistry of Her Dance

MARY WIGMAN WAS THE REIGNING DANCE sensation of the past season.

Whether her performance was dance or gymnastics was a puzzle to many; but, being a sensation, crowds felt it necessary to attend.

Critics wrote learnedly about her, and our own practitioners in the dance seem inclined to adopt her principles rather wholesale.

To such as were mystified at what she exhibited as dancing will come some enlightenment from her own pen in the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung*.

As it is announced that she will return here to open a school, her own words take on an added interest.

She begins by admitting that "it is impossible to interpret the experience of dancing in words, for its innate quality, its most direct effect, can be felt only at the moment when it is being performed." She makes the effort, however:

"As a dancer, I am in the midst of the dancing world, and it is quite possible that my great and sincere love for the dance leads me to look upon it and all that which it concerns with a somewhat exalted point of view.

"On the other hand, my many years of practical experience have given me an expert knowledge of the subject which permits me to regard all dancing purely objectively.

"In the wide field of 'body movement,' which includes sport, society dancing, and all branches of physical training, I wish to stress or accentuate, as it were, the artistic dance, or, to express it more clearly, perhaps, to deal with such manifestations of the dance which have to do with creation and form, those which are works of art or which some day will be."

WHAT is the dance? Miss Wigman calls it "a human expression which can not be restrained." Also, it is universal: "It has always been; all nations and races have danced."

"Dancing is a mode of expression given to man just as much as words, pictures, and music have been given him. Of course, dancing is not an every-day occurrence, any more than music.

"Dancing implies, just as every other artistic language, an increased state of emotion. It does not necessarily require a joyful background; sorrow, pain, even fright and fear, can bring about a reaction in man's emotion affecting his entire being.

"There is something alive in every being which allows him to make manifest externally that which moves within him, through the means of bodily movement.

"In our day, we speak of the rediscovery, the reconquering, of the human body. We can not deny that we are body-conscious to a degree unknown to former generations. The interest in bodily movement, from sport to the artistic dance, is active and alive.

Mary Wigman

Looks upon the dance "from an exalted point of view."

"Already we can say or predict of our time that it is one which is characterized by rhythmical emotion.

"We find rhythmical expression in various and numerous forms. We have many methods and modes of teaching, all of which can be grouped in the name of 'hygienic gymnastics.' By appropriate exercises, they seek to strengthen, beautify, and improve the human body and to keep it in sound health.

"'Expressive gymnastics' go a step further in utilizing the body itself as a means of expressing human thoughts and emotions.

"A further step is 'dancing gymnastics.' Here I may tell tales out of school, out of my own school: a large number of people work there, studying and developing their dancing with the idea and goal of making it their profession. In addition, however, an equally large circle are there without any 'professional' aim. Through this, the difference between professional and 'lay' dancers has been developed.

"The desire for freedom, separation from the every day, a desire for exaltation and bodily ease, to say nothing of bodily exercise, give the lay dancer the right to seek the world of dancing expression for himself."

One of Miss Wigman's Classes

Showing "the desire for freedom, exaltation, bodily ease and separation from the every day."

EVERY art has its instrument, and the instrument of the dance, as we all know, is the human body. The dancer must master and play on his instrument. What is more, he must create his own instrument, for not even the most supple body can at first give that which the

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dancer demands of it, that which the dance requires. And this, it seems, is no easy matter:

"Through years of hard work, the dancer battles for the transformation of his body until it willingly enters into the service of the dance idea. The content of dancing and artistic dancing is the same as in all of the other creative arts: it deals with man and his destiny.

"Man is the eternal and unchanging theme of the dance. However, the demands of this theme constantly change, for they are not eternal, but rather bound up with time. So each era finds its own form language.

"Formerly, it often happened that I was asked, in connection with my dancing, 'What were you thinking about?' Each time such a question filled me with deadly embarrassment. For the fact is, that that which we call thinking has nothing to do with

Photograph by Frances R. Grant

Peruvian Indian Musicians

Who furnish inspiration for modern composers of Peru.

the dance. The idea for a dance comes to the creative artist in his sleep, so to speak. If the theme is once present, then the actual work at the piece of art starts in—its composition and working-out.

"And the work continues till the dance idea has reached its ultimate form, till it has ripened to a work of art. When this moment has arrived, the dance creator must change into a dance interpreter. For then it means presenting the dance in a masterly form, to transmit to others one's own experience contained within the dance, so that they too can vibrate and feel all of that which the living presentation seeks."

A SKEPTICAL note is sounded by Lincoln Kirstein in *Hound and Horn* (Concord, N. H.), who evidently is not one who fell under the spell of the dancer. Read this:

"Wigman is damned by the sin of pride. Her popularity is dependent upon the admiration of similar unfortunates who identify their aims at self-expression with her complete self-exposal; hence the bitterness of their acclaim.

"But they are comparatively harmless; they have not indulged in the *tour-de-force* of the creation of a 'new' system of physical action.

"Wigman herself is dangerous because by the strength of her personal appeal she can seduce such passivity into mistaken dancing. She believes and teaches that any one can dance. It requires no particular dedication; it is an idiom which she can provide. In a similar manner any one can indulge in the therapeutic writing of 'poetry,' any one can paint 'pictures'; only in a lesser degree compose 'music,' or build 'architecture.'

"Mary Wigman is a destructive dancer, and her influence is dangerous. In her own case, for as yet we have not seen a whole ballet of her training, she has completely disintegrated the continuous flow of pose and gesture into a series of static or abruptly shifting positions. She is at a complete loss, for instance, when she attempts to negotiate a turn. She chooses to 'interpret' only the most cosmic of 'ideas,' which is convenient, since it irons out any exact meaning into a flat generalization of the ambiguous, subjective, and equivocal. Bliss, ecstasy, release, revolt, terror, enchantment lead finally, pursued to their inevitable climax, to what but exhaustion? And so Mary Wigman finishes almost every dance by falling in a collapsed heap on the floor."

Where Peru Gets Its Music

IS MUSIC THE QUINTESSENCE OF A RACE, the reflection of a people's spirit, the product of a people's culture?

This seems to be the belief of a Peruvian, who holds the professorship of music in the Alcedo National Academy in Lima.

He grounds his belief on the assumption that "music, from a creative standpoint, can no longer be universal."

Such music, he thinks, has "exhausted its own possibilities of evolution," and composers are forced to turn to folk music for the basis of their works.

Racial music, provided it has artistic value, can be universally enjoyed, and the writer, Carlos Sánchez Malaga, mentions Moussorgsky, de Falla, Smetana, and Grieg, who employ the folk tunes of Russia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Norway.

Peru is perhaps little known to us from the musical standpoint, but its folk song, we are told by this Peruvian writer in *The Bulletin of the Pan American Union* (Washington), is abundant:

"This fact can be inferred from the considerable number of melodies collected first by the Peruvian, Alomía-Robles, and later by the Baron and Baroness d'Harcourt, of France, to say nothing of a number of less important compilers.

"This research work is ended; there is no more to be done along this line, and it should be a matter for congratulation to us. It is no longer an exploit to boast of having discovered an unexplored vein at which we have in reality been pointing with pride for half a century.

"Inca music, in spite of its great value and splendid qualities as raw material, is not, as is generally believed, the only source at the disposal of Peruvian composers. There is yet another, 'cholo' music, the psychological product and the most genuine expression of the basic racial mixture of the Peruvian population, part Quechua and part colonial. This is the music which has sunk deepest into the Peruvian spirit, and it is that which is commonly taken for 'Inca' music. Its character presents marked rhythmic differences.

"The *yaravi*, the song of love and sorrow, is typically sad and slow moving. Joy is exprest in the *marinera*, and in the *pampeñas* (heel-tapping dances), but especially in the former, which is full of sensual, seductive rhythms.

"Derivations of this, with slight rhythmic modifications, are the *resbalosa* and the *tendero*, both characteristic of the North. In these dances, and signally in the *tendero*, marked Negro influences can be perceived, but the melodic structure of all of them, like that of many *huaynos*, *mulisas*, *agua'e nieves*, *kacachampas*, etc., has its origin in the *yaravi*, whose invention is attributed to the poet and patriot Melgar, a hero of the first wars of independence. This invention derives in its turn from the *harawi* of the Incas, fused in due proportion with the colorful Spanish music imported into the colony."

MODERN composers in Peru, we are told, turn to their Indian music as a source of inspiration. All of this is based on the old minor diatonic scale:

"Its principal characteristics, which are unmistakable, are the ascending modulations of thirds and sixths, the first of them being slight and the second generally permanent.

"The harmonic sense embodied in these popular tunes is derived from the atmosphere of the mountains and forests, as for example in the *huaynos* and *kacachampas*, played on typical native instruments, *quenas* and *charangos*. The *quena* is a kind of flute, and the *charango* an instrument somewhat similar to the guitar, but smaller. The farming landscape of the coast is exprest in the *yaravies* and *pampeñas* by *quenas* and guitars. Other primitive instruments, and also the harp, are used, but the brevity of these notes forbids a complete enumeration.

"Up to the present, the work of Peruvian composers has been scanty and isolated. Some have imprisoned themselves in the limits of a pentatonic scale. Others swear by universal music. And others, finally, exploit in foreign countries our national airs, cheapened and commercialized in a way that artistic ethics can not sanction.

"Among earnest musicians who have tried or are trying to produce worthwhile art, of a true Peruvian school, mention should be made of Luis Duncker-Lavalle, prematurely deceased, Alomía-Robles, Manuel Aguirre, Roberto Carpio, Teodoro

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Valcárcel, Pablo Chávez-Aguilar, and Alberto Mejia.

"The aged master, Valle-Riestra, who died six years ago, utilized folk-lore motives in his opera 'Ollanta,' culminating in a *yaravi* duet which has become popular, but he did not try to form a national school or tendency. Other undoubtedly talented musicians, such as Alfonso de Silva, for example, work in other fields with different artistic ideals. Among these, Bracesco, Urquieta, and Devernuil should also be mentioned.

"But in our opinion it is Duncker-Lavalle in the past and Roberto Carpio in the present day who have best understood the 'cholo' musical problem, which is of such primary importance for the development of the Peruvian musical school."

New Head for Chicago Opera

THE CHICAGO OPERA will next season be under the direction of an American—Herbert Witherspoon.

Mr. Insull, in whose hands the destiny of the Western company has rested, says he regards the fact as a "most important qualification."

Not that he has insisted on the hundred per cent. variety, for Mr. Witherspoon is well grounded in the European traditions of his art, and has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a singer, and teacher of long experience.

A Native Impresario

Herbert Witherspoon will introduce Americanism into Chicago Opera.

His Americanism lies in a "fundamental understanding of the desires and hopes of the people of Chicago in regard to opera."

Mr. Witherspoon's portrait evidences business as well as artistic capacity.

The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* gives, through Claudia Cassidy, its expression of satisfaction over the new appointment:

"Mr. Insull's statement needs no amplification, nor does Mr. Witherspoon need introduction.

"He is internationally known as singer, teacher, and author, having been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company from 1908 until the end of the 1917 season, appearing in more than seventy rôles.

"He came to Chicago in 1925 as president of the Chicago Musical College, and four years later he established his own studio, where he has since taught, between lecture tours. He is active in civic and social affairs, and his new position will doubtless be greeted with wide-spread approval.

"Incidentally, Mr. Insull is quite right about the American background, for one of the Witherspoon ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence."

THE voice of music as well as of art is rising to insist on a nationalistic expression, and when a great organization like the Chicago Opera stops looking abroad for its responsible leader the feeling is fostered that the country is beginning to speak in her own voice.

Karleton Hackett, of the Chicago *Evening Post*, writes of the appointment in this vein:

"This is a move in the right direction, and the announcement will be received with satisfaction by the Chicago public.

"Mr. Witherspoon is the right kind of man for the place.

"Nature and training have given him the required qualities. In his singing days he was the leading oratorio basso and song recitalist of this country. Then he was for years a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

"By instinct he thinks of the opera-house as a great art center, and his practical experience has taught him how the desired results are to be achieved.

"Mr. Witherspoon also is an American, not one of the noisy 100 per cent. variety, but coming from an old American family; and, having been born and raised in this land, he understands our public and sympathizes with our point of view.

"He has had wide experience both as student and singer in Europe and knows the artistic strength of the lands across the water and how to use it to advantage over here. He has standards and background and so will be able to hold the balance true.

"No man can live in America of the twentieth century without realizing that the box-office must be considered. But in dealing with art, art is the essential.

"An opera-house, to justify itself, must be a focal point from which shall radiate the bright rays of the art of music. Then it has a purpose and a meaning. The box-office must be a sort of regulator, but art, the giving of great music in adequate fashion, is the energizing force.

"Mr. Witherspoon will start in with the good wishes and solid support of the public. They will have confidence in him and wish him well.

"Power to him."

SOMETHING new in opera management will doubtless be welcomed by patrons of this art in the Windy City. By the financial report for the past season, published in the New York *Times*, a deficit of $1,079,473 was sustained.

As the report puts it, those patronizing the opera got their pleasure at bargain prices:

"Patrons of the Chicago Civic Opera Company during the 1930-31 season of thirteen weeks paid an average of $3.99 each for their tickets, and received in return $8.01 worth of opera.

"This bargain in art was revealed by the company's statement mailed to its guarantors, showing a $1,079,473 loss, the greatest in the history of the company. There were fewer performances, the patrons were fewer than in the season of 1929-30, and they paid less than ever for their seats.

"The number of performances dropt from 101 to 89, the average number of persons in the audiences declined from 3,300 to 2,338, and the average price per seat was lowered from $4.02 to $3.99."

The Cover

THE cover gives us a picture of Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the artist, Ella DuPuy, painted for several summers and found many subjects of child life among the Portuguese fisher folk.

This particular picture has an amusing story attached which the artist tells:

"During the summer, little Manuel, aged five, had been made a brother for the first time. An ecstatic event. Just before Christmas, his Sunday-school teacher assembled her infant class and told the children that she wanted them to join her in making some one happy on Christmas Day.

"'I know a woman,' she continued, 'who is very old, very poor, deaf, and nearly blind. She lives alone and has no one to care for her. What can we give her to make her happy? You may take two minutes to think of the very best thing.'

"Little Manuel needed no two minutes. Up shot his hand as he shouted with conviction, 'Let's all give her a baby!'

"Evidently his home had 'A Place in the Sun.'"

Miss DuPuy grew up in Philadelphia, studied design in London, and worked for years in designs for stained glass, book-covers, and furniture. Her instructors in painting were Ebin Comins and Charles Hawthorne.

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Fixing the Blame for Bad Pictures

TAINTED OPINIONS.

That is the cry raised against religious representatives who secretly receive producers' money for passing judgment on the moral fitness of motion-pictures.

Not so, tartly answers Will H. Hays, whose organization, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., is condemned for the practise.

It's a little war of "'tis" and "'tisn't," in which the public will have the deciding voice.

The practise of the Hays organization is compared, in a report of the Research and Education Department of the Federal Council of Churches, to that of certain public utilities accused of seeking to influence public opinion indirectly by placing on their pay-roll certain educators and others in a position to influence public opinion.

To which Mr. Hays retorts that he has no apology to make for paying "honoraria" covering salaries and expenses of religious leaders engaged to advise producers, and he remarks that the Research Department which makes the accusation has not a single practical proposal for the improvement of motion-pictures to its credit.

However, the Research Department's report is not entirely critical. It does give credit to the Hays organization for "some laudable purposes," "constructive procedures," and "definite accomplishments," and for attempting reform under many difficulties. Its task is hard in to-day's atmosphere of "freedom" and philistinism. As the New York *Sun* looks at it, the 155 pages published by the Department give "a friendly and sympathetic account of the struggle of an unwieldy, many-sided business to find—amidst conflict of interest, confusion of counsel, and diversity of purpose—a sure way into the good graces of a public often undiscriminating, but sometimes critical, and occasionally hostile. Their net effect is to convey an impression of blundering, lumbering progress toward better ethics, better standards in mechanics, art, and morals."

This probe of the relations of the Hays organization with religious and other public bodies was started by the Federal Council of Churches more than a year ago, when it was discovered that two of the Council's representatives were on the Hays pay-roll at a time when they were assigned to give impartial opinions to the Council and the public on the moral tendency of the motion-pictures.

COMMENTING on this, the report says that "the payment of honoraria, in whatever form it may appear on the books, to a field representative of a religious organization in recognition of services rendered on the platform, while all the while the public knows nothing of such a financial arrangement, is bound, when disclosed, to undermine public confidence on both sides, and to give rise to sinister inferences." However, it is not found that such services involving members of the Federal Council were not conscientiously rendered.

But the churches themselves do not go unscathed. The report calls attention to "the lack of any adequate means of formulating and expressing the judgment of our Protestant churches so as to register effectively either approval or disapproval of the industry, its product, and its policies." The report advises that—

"Critics of the industry should be alert to discover and eliminate objectionable scenes and spoken lines, but this is only the negative aspect of the problem.

"The industry should be made to feel a demand for more socially useful pictures, for pictures that will contribute to the effort in which the churches are engaged to promote responsible citizenship, interracial understanding, industrial justice, and international good-will.

"The religious and social agencies are themselves at fault in becoming too much preoccupied with 'cuts' and 'eliminations.' The motion-pictures can not be made good by the use of scissors."

THE erstwhile national Republican committeeman and Postmaster-General, who later earned the gratitude of his fellow Presbyterians by heading the work for their ministerial pension fund, is quick with the cudgels in defense of his organization.

In a letter to Bishop Francis J. McConnell, president of the Federal Council, Mr. Hays defends the payment of honoraria to individuals who guided producers in the treatment of religious themes and to lecturers enlisted in the movement for raising the standards for pictures by saying that they "were made on a basis of extra-salary compensation," the principle of which, he points out, is accepted in the Department's own report.

Speaking of the problems of the screen, he writes:

"I know of no substitute for education in the development of constantly higher production standards. I know of no substitute for cooperation in making such production standards effective. I know of no greater force than education in raising standards of public appreciation. I know of no substitute for self-regulation to protect the screen from influence that would establish arbitrary entertainment standards and stifle its democracy of appeal."

IT is through the counsel and cooperation of social, religious, educational, and other organizations in the constructive movement for better pictures—counsel and cooperation invited and developed by the motion-picture industry—that higher production has been attained, maintains Mr. Hays.

In so far as the Department of Research and Education has itself recorded progress, he says sarcastically, "it praises the doughnut and condemns the size of the hole."

Comment is as candid as are Mr. Hays and his critics. The Providence *News-Tribune* can not see that all the right is on one side or the other. "The idea that the churchmen are holy innocents subject to corruption by Will Hays," it says, "will not hold water. Neither will the idea hold water that Will Hays in paying honoraria is moved by none but the very highest motives. Will Hays has a record both as a politician and a business man which is not exactly that of a saint—plaster or otherwise."

The odds in the controversy "seem to be even," in the opinion of the Springfield *Union*, while the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says "the movies are just about as good or bad as they were before" Mr. Hays's publicized resolves. "Even those most strongly opposed to the principle of public censorship regret that the

Fellowship

By Joseph Fort Newton

"*Ye are members one of another.*"

IT takes a father and a mother, two men and God
To make a brother,
And show him the truth no one may know alone
Or teach another.

The truth of God that makes us glad and free
Is learned together,
On land and sea, in joy and woe, in sunny days
And stormy weather.

—*The Churchman, New York.*

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results of the movies' widely heralded self-discipline have been so meager. . . . There's a limit to what the public taste will tolerate."

People within the industry who are trying to lift its moral level, we are told, find it hard to introduce high principles into the minds of some producers whose moral conceptions are hazy or missing entirely.

But the New York *Evening Post* does "not see why the movies should be bent to the service of the Federal Council any more than to the Federation of Labor or the Association of Retired Organ Pumpers." In fact—

"They should not furnish forth anybody's propaganda, whether or not that anybody comes with what it calls Divine Authority.

"The first duty of the moving-picture, like that of the legitimate drama, is to entertain. Of that duty Mr. Will Hays and his organization often make a considerable fist. But they at least know more about it than do the ministers who now propose to tell them how to spend their money."

Pockets and the Pulpit

SEW UP FIRMLY and tightly the pockets in every pair of ministerial trousers in the country before next Sunday!

Ministers' wives throughout the land are proffered this radical advice by the Baptist *Watchman-Examiner* (New York). The grace and dignity of the pulpit have been so jeopardized by the hands-in-pocket habit of American ministers, in the opinion of this Baptist editor, that the only remedy is for the wives to get busy with needle and thread, and sew those trousers up. How many ministers, inquires *The Watchman-Examiner*, are conscious of the degree to which they are addicted to the hand-in-the-pocket habit? Yet—

"There are few things more grotesque and awkward than the sight of a well-drest, well-set-up speaker at the very beginning of his address or sermon ramming his fists down into his trousers pockets and keeping them there during a considerable part of the time he is speaking.

"It is a kind of slouchiness for which there is no excuse, and which would be tolerated in no other important place.

"Imagine, for example, the Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, charged with a message from or concerning his country, assuming in its delivery the undignified, hand-in-pocket, free-and-easy posture and manner of address to be observed in most pulpits on almost any Sunday in the year!

"This is no unimportant matter, for the manner of the delivery of a sermon has much to do with its effectiveness.

"One of the rules on preaching that ought to be emphasized in the theological seminary is: 'Keep your hands out of your pockets!'

"If the minister can not or will not, then let the minister's wife get busy with her needle and thread. If necessary, let every church insert an item in its budget to provide her with sewing material."

Acme photograph

"Shake, Brother!"

Dr. Carl S. Patton, newly elected president of the National Council of Congregational Churches (left), and Dr. Daniel B. Atkinson, acting president of the General Convention of Christian Churches, exchanging congratulations on the merger of the two denominations.

Another Church Union

ONE BY ONE THE DENOMINATIONS DECREASE. Now the formal union of the Congregationalists and Christian churches reduces America's more than 200 denominations by one more.

The churches affected total 6,670 in this country, with a communicant membership of 1,050,000 and a constituency of about 3,000,000.

"Shake, brother," said Dr. Carl S. Patton, newly elected moderator for the National Council of Congregational Churches, and Dr. Daniel B. Atkinson, acting president of the General Convention of Christian Churches, as they joined each other on the platform. The mutual handclasp was the finishing touch to four years of negotiations, greeted by the delegates with the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

IT is one more step to blot out what Dr. Peter Ainslie, pastor of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, has called "the scandal of Christianity."

But there is still a long way to go, if Dr. S. Parkes Cadman is a prophet, for he puts off "a united Protestant Church in America" for 300 years.

Still, if we look back a few years, we see that much has been accomplished. To the north of us, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have formed the United Church of Canada; Presbyterianism is united in Scotland, union of the Anglican and Nonconformist churches is still broached in England, and the Lutherans have formed a world federation embracing a total membership estimated at 80,000,000. And there have been hopeful signs to those who pray for union that the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, among the larger denominations, will reconcile their respective differences within their own folds, and make three denominations to flourish where now forty-two compete in an overcrowded field.

TO turn back to the union effected in Seattle, churchmen say that it is the largest ever to take place between denominations entirely distinct in origin.

It is significant, too, that the foreign missions of the two groups had already been merged under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for in the foreign field it has been difficult to explain why in baptism one band of Christians demand a "big wash" and another a "little wash," or why the "P's" should be "split." There sectarianism has been forced to give ground.

Those who led the negotiations of the Congregationalist and Christian union believe, we read further, that it is the beginning of a new trend in church life, and will be followed by other mergers. They hope other denominations will join with them

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to form a group large enough to warrant the use of the name, the United Church of Christ in America.

A new constitution providing for the union was approved at separate assemblies, and at the outset the united body will have the Congregationalist moderator and the Christian president as moderators.

As set forth in the preamble to the constitution, the principles of the union are liberal and elastic:

"We hold sacred the freedom of the individual soul and the right of private judgment.

"We stand for the autonomy of the local church and its independence of ecclesiastical control.

"We cherish the fellowship of churches, united in district, State, and national bodies, for counsel and cooperation.

"Affirming these convictions, we hold to the unity of the Church of Christ, and will unite with all its branches in fellowship and hearty cooperation, and we earnestly seek that the prayer of Our Lord for the unity of His followers may be speedily answered.

"We find in the Bible the supreme rule of faith and life, but recognize wide room for differences in interpretation.

"We therefore base our union upon the acceptance of Christianity as primarily a way of life and not upon uniformity of theological opinion or any uniform practise of ordinances."

THE new church comes in, of course, for editorial congratulations. The trend toward union, notices the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, is notable in the merger of congregations which has taken place throughout the country. The New England paper goes on to recite that—

"In a near-by village, for instance, in twenty years or less, six churches have shrunk to three, but all the survivors are stronger for the unification the shrinkage indicates.

"It is significant that reports from the Seattle meeting express hopefulness in official quarters that other recruits may be attracted to the new union for the erection of a church of sufficient latitude in America to carry the general title, the United Church of Christ in America. A long step toward unity was, of course, the organization of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which leads its adherents with striking courage amid the tumult of the modern age."

Prayer for Health

By A. E. Johnson

DEAR Little Mother of all little mothers,
Who needed but a rude barn
In mid-winter for to bring forth
The Fairest Son of all time,
Grant that I may not do thee
The discourtesy of ill-health,
But that my mind may share thy sweetness,
And my body thy wholesomeness,
And that with both I may praise thee,
For His sake Who gave Himself
That the world might be healed,
And Who is the Bread and the Wine of Life.

—*The Commonweal, New York.*

And in Africa Too

THE dream of Methodist union in South Africa has at last been realized.

For the first time Southwest Africa, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Basutoland, and Portuguese East Africa were directly represented ecclesiastically in the conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of South Africa, recently held in Cape Town.

The conference, we read in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, controls and administers the activities of 400 ministers, nearly 10,000 lay preachers, and over 6,000 churches and other preaching places, with a full and probationary membership of about 390,000 persons.

According to the last census, there are 105,217 European adherents and 730,022 non-European, making a total of 835,239 persons. Cape Town was recognized as the appropriate meeting-place for the first Union Conference, as it was at the Cape that the work of the Church began about 125 years ago, and the first constituted conference, which met in 1883, was held in Cape Town.

The Episcopal Divorce Dispute

DIVORCEES WERE UP EARLY THAT MORNING. They wanted to be married again, right away, in fact, they said over the telephone.

But the clergy of "the Little Church Around the Corner," where so many thousand couples have joined their hands and fortunes, told the flurried inquirers to read the morning papers again and see for themselves that the Episcopal Church has not changed its mind on divorce and remarriage, but that a commission had merely recommended a change.

So the divorcees went back, to await the decision of the General Convention, which meets in Denver, beginning September 16.

All the excitement was caused by an amended report of the Commission on Marriage and Divorce of the Episcopal Church, which now would permit divorced persons to be married in church, with the service of the Book of Common Prayer. If adopted, the new canon would mean a complete reversal of the Episcopal Church's position on divorce and remarriage.

To make it all clear, it must be recited that in its original report, as told in these pages May 23, the commission recommended that permission be given to divorced persons to be married by Episcopal clergymen, but not in an Episcopal church, and not with the Episcopal rites. In both reports all penalties for divorce are removed. Not even adultery would be a bar to remarriage.

THE change now suggested, to marry the divorcees in church, with full rites, is a signal for battle, and it will be a battle, indeed, it is predicted, if the majority recommendations of the commission ever get to the floor of the General Convention. The conservatives look upon them as smashing the very foundations of the Church, while to the liberals they are a means of salvaging those who have gone on the rocks in the matrimonial sea.

In supporting the majority recommendations, Bishop Herman Page, chairman, declares that it has always been the prerogative of the Church to interpret Christ's teachings, and he maintains that when Christ was talking about marriage and divorce, "as usual He was laying down principles and not rules."

Those who would permit the remarriage of divorced persons, says Bishop Page, "remind us that one of the most outstanding facts in the teaching of Jesus is His emphasis of forgiveness, and that with sinners of all sorts, including women guilty of fornication and adultery, no one ever showed himself more tender than He."

But what the commission recommends, declares Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, warden of St. Stephen's College at Annandale-on-Hudson, "is contrary to the explicit command of Jesus Christ, and repudiates Christian ethical theory for nineteen centuries, apparently to conciliate a contemporary paganism."

In a telegram to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Dr. Bell predicts in outspoken language that passage of the proposed canon "would certainly result in such a schism as no religious body has yet seen in America. People undisturbed by minor differences," he asserts, "oppose the proposed repudiation of Christian ethics. Large numbers of priests would immediately resign their cures if it passed, and large lay support would be immediately withdrawn."

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EDITOR SAYS

73,000 Miles is only a Start

SOME weeks ago we published an account of a Ford that had been driven 73,000 miles in less than a year by three mail carriers in Iowa.

The article created much comment and brought many letters telling of the unusual reliability, economy and long life of the Ford. Here is an interesting letter from the editor of a newspaper in Kansas:

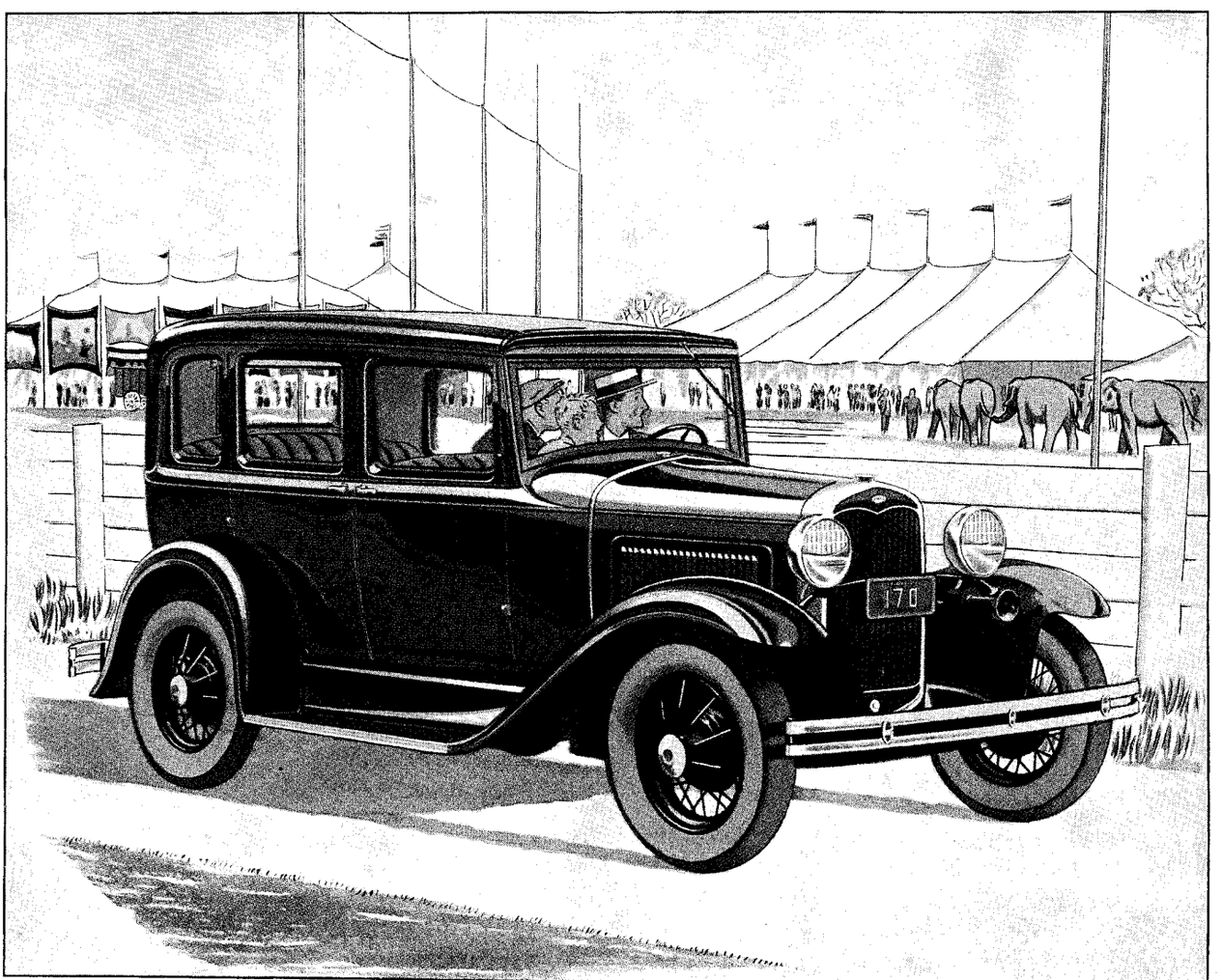
"In one of your recent advertisements in weekly newspapers you tell of a Ford that has been driven 73,000 miles in less than a year.

"That's no mileage at all for a Ford. There is a Ford in this community that was driven 120,000 miles before it was traded in.

"The car was bought in August, 1928, and driven until November, 1930, by its owner. He is a carrier of the *Wichita Daily Eagle*, making a route of 150 miles daily with a morning and evening paper. On Sunday, only one trip of 75 miles is made. About 50 miles of the route is over paved streets — the rest is on rough dirt and gravel streets through three small towns.

"Operating and up-keep costs were exceptionally low. After the car was traded in for a new Ford I am informed that it was overhauled and is now giving good service to its new owner."

Letters like this are indicative of the substantial worth of the Ford and the high quality built into every part. In every detail of construction it is made to endure — to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles. The price is low because of large production and unusual Ford manufacturing facilities.



THE NEW FORD STANDARD SEDAN. *Longer, wider, more luxurious. Low first cost. Economical terms through Authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Company*

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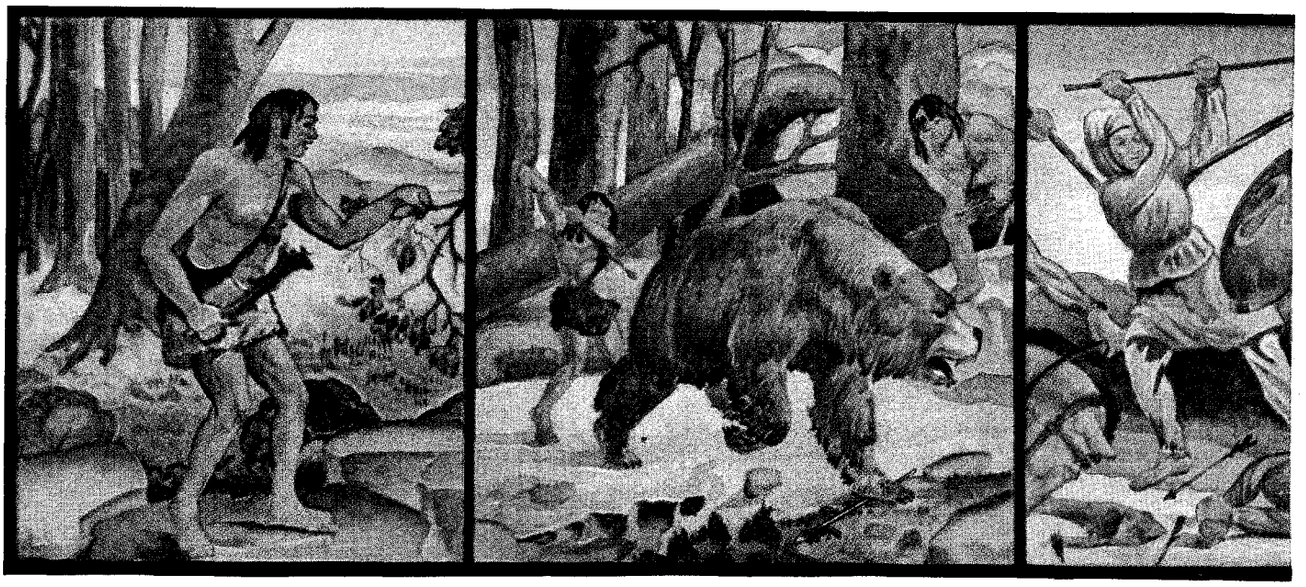

The Long, Long Road

The long, long struggle for personal power that ends with us at the wheel of our automobile.

"I've bought me a car," we say, quite casually. "I've bought me an automobile." And it never seems to enter our minds that at last we have acquired the substance of all the longing of all mankind since this first poor, shivering wretch hopped about in the tall grass, shuddering at shadows, so very long ago.

"I've bought me an automobile."

And what we are saying is, "I have acquired the highest form of personal power that has thus far been known to man."

* * * * *

Throughout the greater part of this long, long past you in your automobile might have ruled the world.

If you had been in early Persia, you might have led the vast army that invaded Greece, and there probably would have been no battle of Thermopylae. The Spartans would have fallen down before you in awe and fear.

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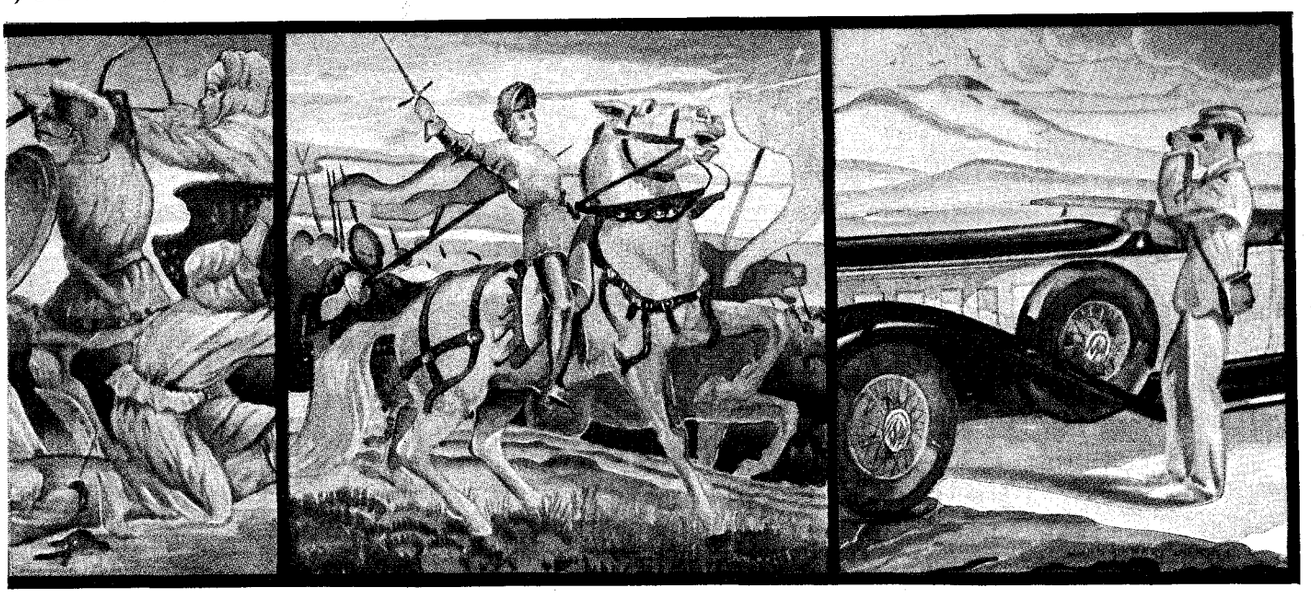

From Him—To You

If you had driven up to the Palatine Hill in almost any period of the Roman Empire, you probably would have been made Emperor of Rome.

If you had come in the later ages, the very kings bumping about in state in their gilded coaches would have envied you your speed and your deep-seated luxury.

You in your automobile have a personal power within yourself greater than any of these rulers of men ever dreamed of throughout the long, long past.

We must have sensed this thing from the start. We must have known that this was the thing the world had been striving for through all the centuries. Nothing else could account for the production of over forty million automobiles in a little over thirty years.

"I've bought me an automobile," we say in our colloquial way. Millions of other people have said the same. And what we are really saying is, "I have acquired the highest sense of personal power that has thus far been known to man. And in my automobile my age-old desire for personal power has been satisfied."

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC • BODIES BY FISHER

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The Soot Peril to Our Cities

PEOPLE WHO THINK SOOT DIRTY and disagreeable, but relatively harmless, may revise their ideas after reading a report on the effects of soot, issued by the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh.

Thousands of tons of it fall annually upon some of our large cities. If it were not removed we should be buried under it, like Pompeii under the ashes of Vesuvius.

With it come corrosive acids that are even eating away our buildings of solid masonry and our concrete structures.

It fills our lungs and our digestive organs, and poisons us in many ways.

Says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago) in an abstract of the report:

"The great cities of to-day with their sky-scrapers, libraries, municipal buildings, monuments, are being slowly but effectively leveled by soot. This black pall has been proved to be the greatest enemy of man's works.

"H. B. Meller, head of the investigation, has shown that in industrial cities, the sootfall amounts to hundreds of tons per square mile in a single year. This deposit may contain several per cent. of tarry matter, and 20 to 30 per cent. of fixt carbon. It is easy to see that with such a steady downpour a city would eventually be well covered with a layer of soot that might puzzle the scientists of the future.

"Smoke has long been recognized as a real hazard to life and property in cities, but when smoke becomes the carrier of soot, as Mr. Meller discovers, it becomes of far greater destructive power. He observes that 'in the city, fogs become mixed with smoke to such an extent that their color is frequently changed from white to brown, or even black, and their density is so increased that they are almost opaque to sunlight. Then the absorption by soot particles of moisture from the fog so increases their weight that they quickly settle in an oily or tarry substance over all buildings.

"'The tar causes the soot to adhere firmly to any surface, covering the object with a coating of black paint and penetrating into the porous structure.'

"Within the soot are powerful corroding agents, such as sulfuric acid and hydrochloric acid. 'It might not seem that the amount of acid coming from the chimneys of a large city would be sufficient to do much harm,' says Mr. Meller.

"'However, coal as fired contains an average of at least 1 per cent. sulfur, or twenty pounds per ton of coal, and, say, 75 per cent. of this constituent, or fifteen pounds per ton of coal burned, escapes into the atmosphere. If, for example, this is considered as sulfuric acid, it would be equivalent to forty-six pounds, which, if it all acted on limestone, would destroy forty-seven pounds.'

"Mr. Meller finds that the acids found in soot, sticking as it does to any surface, cause even marbles, cements, and stones to break down. The sooty acids bring about a chemical action involving a change in volume, and this in turn brings about a change in pressure because the sulfate crystals grow in different directions. Mortar, particularly, his experiments showed, broke down, became brittle, and was useless as a binding agent."

IN concrete, the sooty gas filled with acids has an even worse effect, since it reacts upon the aluminate of the cement, forming a complex substance the volume of which is three times that of the original. Tiny crystals grow within the porous cement acting like millions of tiny jacks, producing a tremendous pressure in aggregate. Furthermore:

"Soot in the air is even more destructive to metals.

"Upon iron it causes corrosion and, with free carbon present, there is an electrical effect. Soot is electronegative while iron and other metals are electropositive. Thus galvanic action takes place.

"'Fine soot,' says Mr. Meller, 'as an impalpable powder, will go anywhere and everywhere that air does, and the tarry matter with it causes much of it to adhere firmly to any surface with which it comes in contact. There is not a paint or a wall-covering that is not susceptible to damage and the life of which is not shortened by soot.'

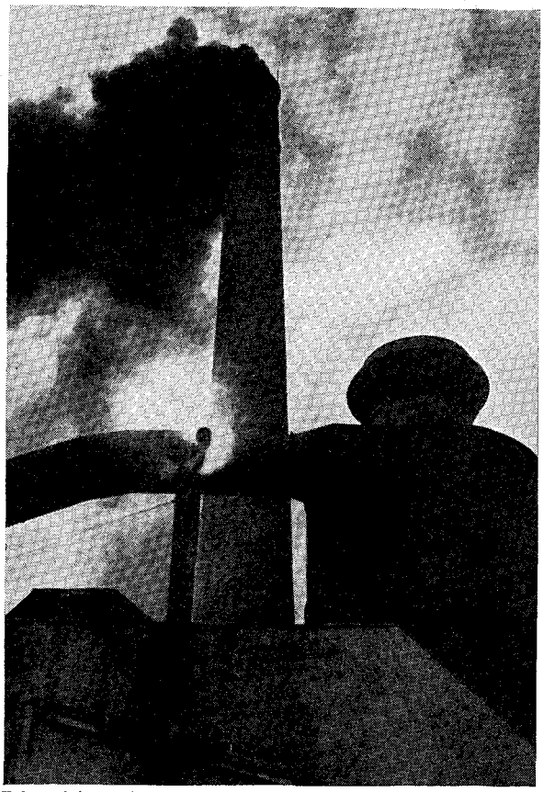
"The smoky, sooty air of large cities has a detrimental effect upon the people. 'On clear, dry, sunny days, persons are more active, aggressive, and enterprising. On the other hand, dark, humid days are devitalizing.

"'When it is remembered,' Mr. Meller continued, 'that the average person breathes about thirty cubic inches of air in each inhalation—equivalent to approximately thirty-seven and a half pounds of air per day, or about seven times the weight of food and water consumed—it does not seem an exaggeration to say that more persons are devitalized, disabled, and poisoned by the impurities contained in the smoky, sooty air than by the ingredients in food and water. The compounds enter the gastro-intestinal tract and cause nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, and systemic poisoning.

"'Soot has a definite bactericidal action, probably due to its content of germicidal acid and phenols; it does not form a favorable place for the collection and distribution of bacteria, but, on the other hand, it so covers the streets and buildings and fills the air that it protects the micro-organisms from the destructive action of sunlight.'

"The experimental work of Mr. Meller was carried on in several large cities. By special apparatus the contents of the air at various places were analyzed and the effect of the compounds found in the air was noted as it was applied to various substances.

"Mr. Meller believes that the city of the future will have to be a 'White City,' in order to survive. Heat will be electrically manufactured at the coal-mine, or central stations will dispense heat. Already there are more than thirty companies in the steam business, mostly in the Northern and Central States."



Underwood photograph

"This Black Pall"

Is declared to be "the greatest enemy of man's works."

Moonlight Bad for Radio

MOONLIGHT, like sunlight, interferes with the successful reception of radio.

Dr. Harlan T. Stetson of Ohio Wesleyan University made this announcement recently before a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

The strengths of signals between Chicago and Boston for the last few years, Dr. Stetson found to be received about one hundred per cent. better when the moon was below the horizon. This is believed to be due to a negative electrical charge on the moon.

The unfavorable influence of the moon has also been independently established by Lieut. H. F. Breckel of the U. S. Navy

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Department in Cincinnati. We read in *The Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

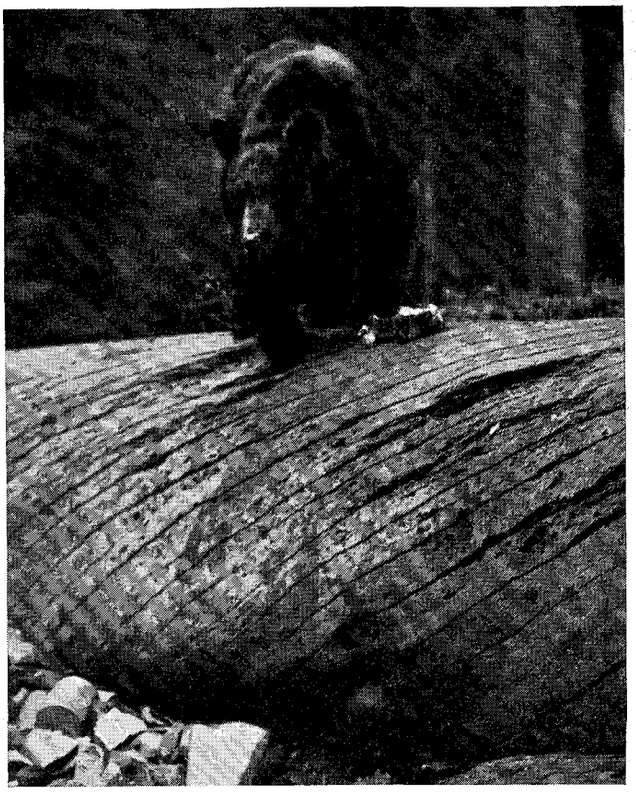
"Radio waves travel long distances only because they are reflected from a layer of electrified particles lying in the upper atmosphere about seventy miles from the earth. This radio mirror, called the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, after its discoverers, is pushed down toward the ground when the moon is passing overhead.

"This produces somewhat the same sort of disturbance in radio transmission as that produced by sunlight. 'The sun constantly bombards the earth's atmosphere with electrons, or bundles of energy of high frequency,' said Dr. Stetson. 'These in turn tear apart the positive and negative charges of the atmospheric molecules. . . .

"'If the sun is more active on occasion, as when large spots appear on its surface, the degree of ionization increases, producing substantially the effect of lowering the Kennelly-Heaviside layer and upsetting the radio reception. . . .

"'Recent investigations in the field of correlation of radio reception with astronomical phenomena point now to the radio receiver as a valuable instrument of research in cosmic physics.'

"The decreased strength of reception at present over that experienced in the early days of broadcasting and the vastly poorer reception in daytime compared with night-time are both due to the changing effect of the sun's rays on the earth's atmosphere."



Fallen Sequoia, Twisting from Left to Right

With Bruin approving our modern tin-can picnic era.

The Universe, Present and Future

A REMARKABLE SUMMARY, in a few paragraphs, of the present state of physical science and its future possibilities, taken from an address by Leon Lecornu, delivered at a public meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, appears in *Comœdia* (Paris).

Mr. Lecornu is quoted as saying:

"Have the ether waves any influence on our health?

"It is certain that this is the case with light and heat rays, and with the ultra-violet rays, as well as the X-rays and the alternating currents used in medicine. As for those used in wireless and in radio, it would appear that such influence, if it exists at all, is absolutely negligible, for even at a very short distance from a transmitting station the energy received is too feeble to act effectively. We need not, therefore, suffer any anxiety on this account.

"To hear at all distances is already possible, but we wish to go further and realize television. The moving-picture became a 'talkie'; now we have the reverse problem of turning telephony into television.

"We have almost solved it.

"The day will come when, comfortably seated in a closed room, we shall see the inhabitants of the antipodes as well as hear them speak.

"The reverse of the medal is that the enthusiasm roused by great discoveries now scarcely moves us.

"Besides this is the inconvenience, inherent in all relations at great distances, that, as with Balzac's wild ass's skin, the surface of our planet seems to have shrunk in proportion to the satisfaction of our desires.

"It is true, of course, that we know only its outer skin. Below that, we should have to travel some 4,000 miles before reaching the center.

"Here lies the kingdom of Pluto, about which we possess only the vaguest information. Jules Verne, Wells, and others have made imaginary trips into these mysterious regions. To attack the problem scientifically we need new processes of investigation at a distance.

"In the other direction, that is, away from the earth, we are much better served. Everything indicates that about three hundred miles up there is an ionized layer that opposes the passage of wireless waves and so increases the horizontal distance that they will carry. Above this begins the void occupied by distant celestial bodies that the telescope and spectroscope enable us to study with daily increasing precision.

"But they say that man will never be satisfied with his attainments. The balloon, the airplane, require the air to sustain them. On the other hand, the rocket, thrusting out behind it a train like a comet's tail, is theoretically able to propel itself through empty space.

"We may thus embark in a vessel provided with rockets and visit the moon, which obstinately shows us always the same face, and then push on to Mars, to Venus, and farther still—always farther. This new mode of locomotion is already baptized: it has been dubbed 'astronautics.' The calculations have been made; it remains only to find the necessary capital. We are not told whether the future company will sell round-trip tickets!

"Meanwhile, if the investigator, instead of directing his attention to the infinitely large, turns toward the infinitely small, he finds there other marvels.

"In every atom he divines a central star called the nucleus, surrounded by a swarm of planets, obeying, in their revolutions, laws very different from those of celestial mechanics; nevertheless he believes, as a fundamental dogma, that here also the law of the conservation of energy holds.

"This is not all. The nucleus, despite its prodigious smallness, is susceptible of spontaneous, progressive decomposition. This is the case with radium, which we have been able to attack with radiation that is sufficiently penetrating.

"It has been shown that this microcosm contains formidable reserves of energy which in the future we may be able to utilize. This would be the greatest industrial revolution that humanity has ever known.

"Will it make us happier? That is quite another question!"

More About Twisted Trees

MANY readers have sent us information about twisted trees, apropos of our recent article on the subject.

The interesting photograph above is from Nathan E. Beckwith of Reedley, California, who writes us as follows:

"Trees, more especially on this coast, are one of my hobbies. For several years I have been watching for twisted trees. Sequoias, eucalyptus, acacias, and the Texas umbrellas always twist from left to right. I had come to think all trees did, but last summer I found the Coast redwoods, *Sempervirens*, sometimes go, but rarely, from right to left, and old almonds also, and with no exceptions that I know.

"Old junipers on the high Sierras, 10,000 to 11,000 feet up, twist like coiled ropes. I am not sure which way, for it is years since I saw them—hundreds of them. I have pictures of very old olive-trees in Spain twisted like that, and from left to right. If they always went from right to left with the sun, it would seem easy; but the other way round is hard to explain—or does any one know?"

(*Department continued on page 28*)

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Fire TRUCK

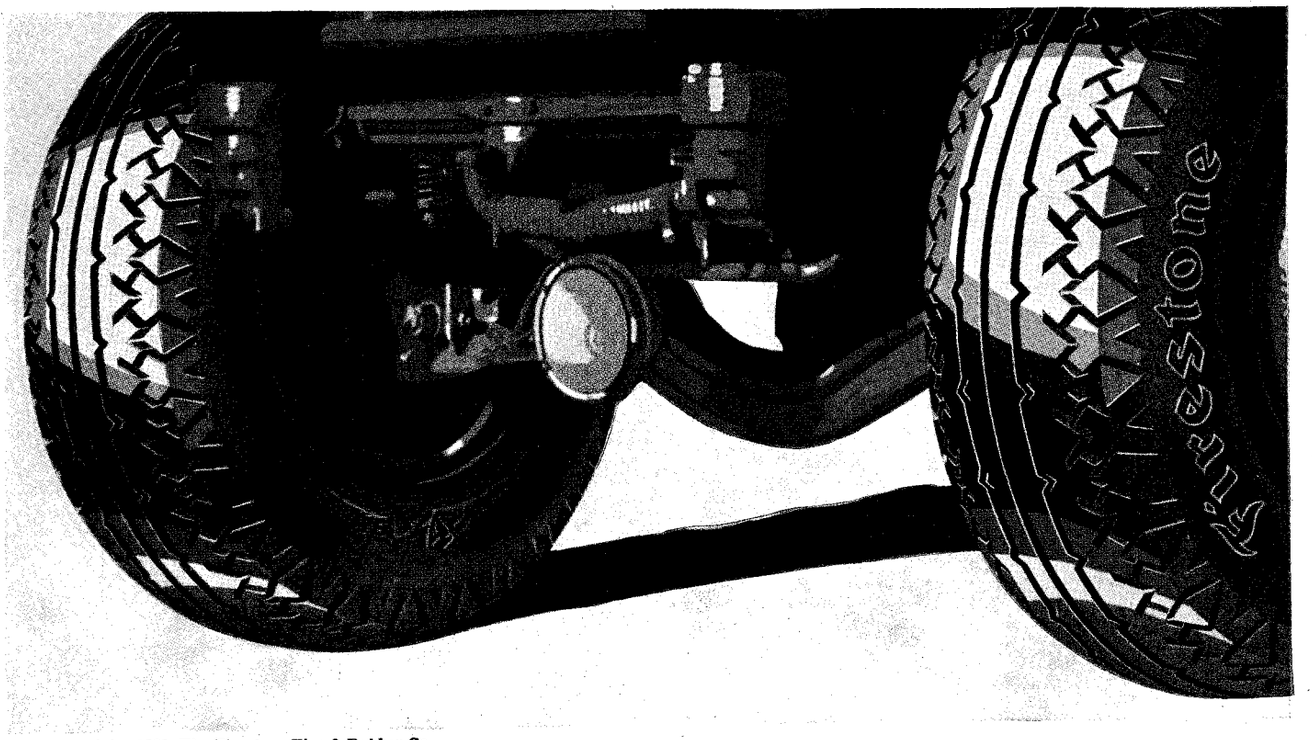
1,500,000 MILES

NOT ONE HOUR *of* TIRE TROUBLE

Remarkable Record of FIRESTONE TRUCK TIRES *on* 150 Trucks *of* SAFEWAY STORES, *Inc.*

500 TONS of food stuffs to move every single day — 150 tons perishable goods — meats, butter, fruit, etc. Such produce must be delivered without delay—must be delivered to guard against spoiling — speed is vital!

Those are the requirements of Safeway Stores, Inc., and the following letter tells how Firestone



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stone BALLOONS

Truck Tires and Firestone Dealer Service have met them:

"In reviewing the operations of our automotive equipment for last year, we find what we believe is one of the most astounding records of tire performance ever established on any fleet.

In a total of more than 1,500,000 miles traveled by our 150 trucks on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires last year, moving approximately 500 tons of foodstuffs a day, 30% of which is perishable, we did not lose as much as one hour on the road for the entire fleet because of tire trouble.

We are glad to acknowledge this remarkable tire performance that is made possible by Firestone inbuilt quality and the highly efficient service rendered us by our Firestone Dealer."

Light trucks or heavy — whatever your requirements are — Firestone Truck Balloons and Firestone Dealer Service will meet them and *cut operating costs for you.*

Call in the Firestone Service Dealer near you—today. He will gladly show you how Firestone Truck Balloons will save money for you in your operations as they are doing on other leading fleets the nation over.

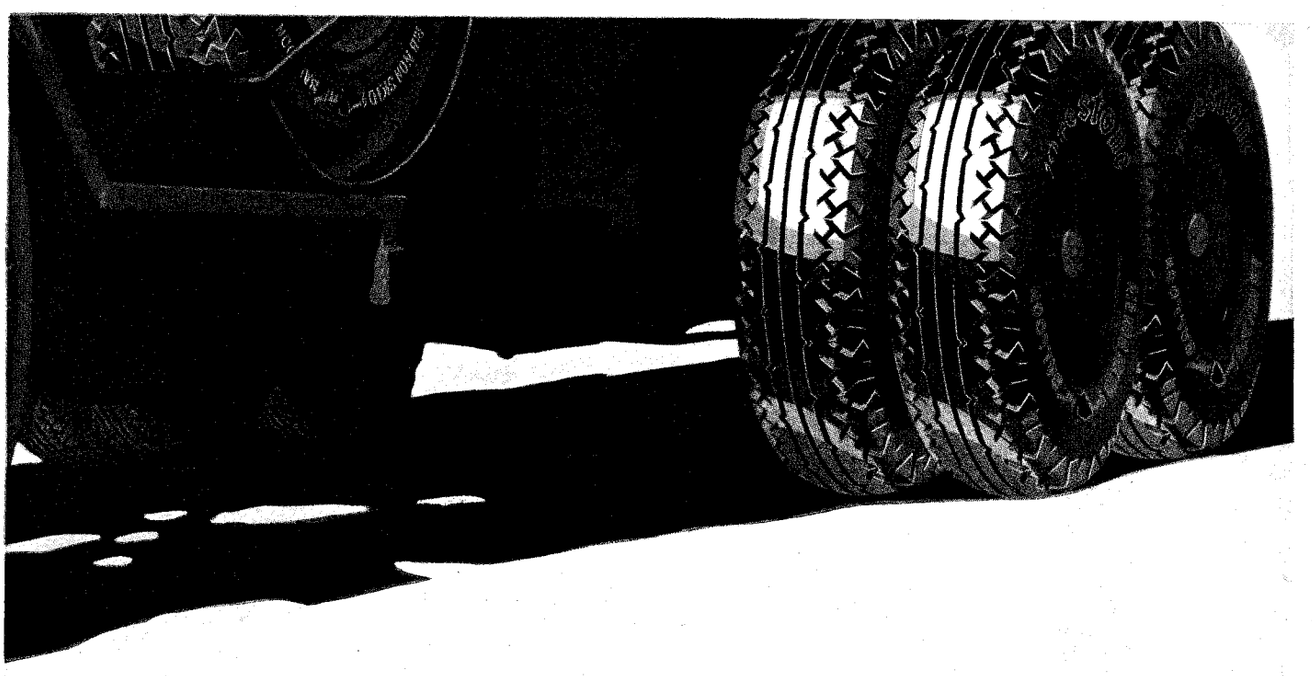
Check these Extra Values with your present Truck Tires

1 Gum-Dipped Cords — pure liquid rubber penetrates every cord and insulates every fibre. This minimizes internal friction heat, greatest enemy of tire life, and adds 58% to the flexing life of Firestone Cords.

2 Patented Double Cord Breaker—Two extra protective plies under the tread that absorb road shocks, give 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts and 56% stronger union between tread and cord body.

3 Tougher, wider, deeper-grooved tread—25% longer non-skid wear, greater safety in any weather and greater traction.

This results in 25% to 40% longer tire life and quicker trips through increased speed with safety which assures on-time schedules without delays.



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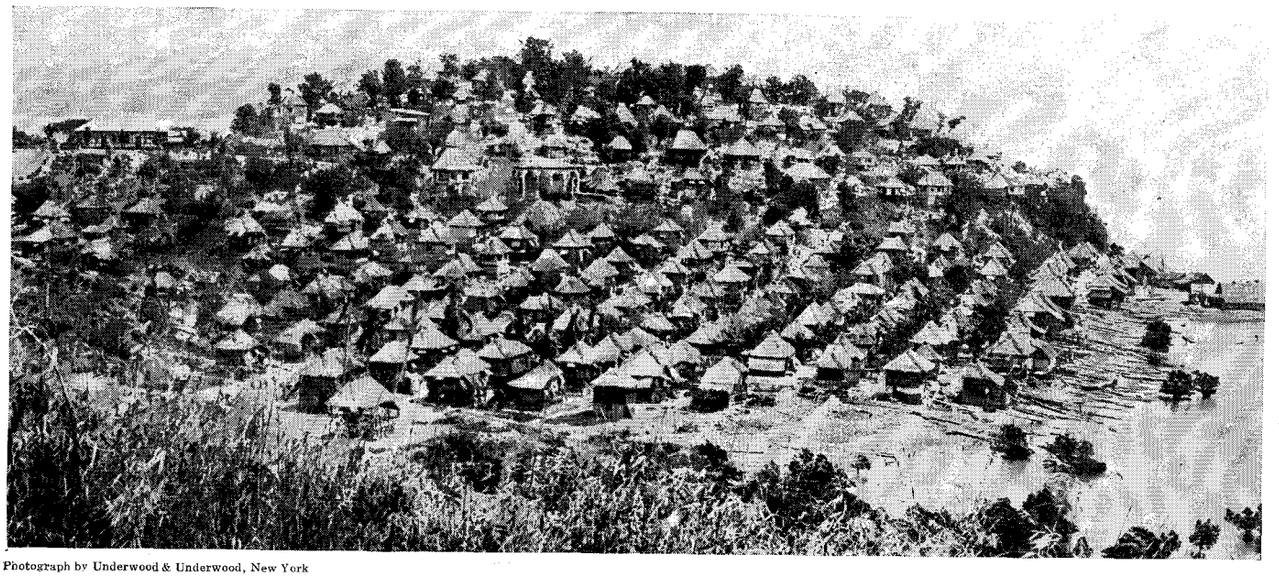

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Where Thousands of Lepers Are Cared for: Culion, Philippine Islands

(*Department continued from page 25*)

Our Lepers

THE GENERAL BELIEF THAT LEPROSY is practically absent under the Stars and Stripes, except for a few lepers on the Hawaiian Island of Molokai, is by no means correct.

Even in the United States, the government leper hospital in Carville, Louisiana, contains several hundred patients, altho Dr. William W. Ford of Johns Hopkins assures us in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.) that the disease is definitely on the decrease in this country and Canada.

In Hawaii the number of lepers in isolation has dropt in the last decade from 1,200 to 700, but in the Philippines, we are told, there are at least 200,000, many of them not under treatment.

Leprosy was brought to Louisiana, it seems, by the early Spanish and French settlers, and the State established a home for lepers at Carville which was eventually taken over by the Government. Minnesota formerly had some cases, the disease being brought over from the Scandinavian countries, but it has now virtually disappeared. Sporadic cases occasionally appear in other States. Writes Dr. Ford:

"Two facts are quite clear. One is that leprosy is definitely decreasing in the United States and Canada. The other is that it presents no menace to this country. Cases are recognized early, advanced cases are sent to suitable institutions, and the disease shows no tendency to spread out of well-defined areas. Leprosy, then, can not be regarded as a public health problem of any importance in these countries. To the south of us, in Mexico, the condition is not so favorable, since cases of leprosy are fairly frequent, especially in Mexico City. This affects the United States only when Mexican laborers in this country develop the disease, in which event they are either sent back to their homes or committed to the national leprosarium.

"With the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, the problem of this disease took on a somewhat different aspect for our Government. In the Hawaiian Islands, a population of about 100,000, with a large amount of leprosy, was added to our numbers. Here the disease was introduced about the middle of the nineteenth century, by the Chinese.

"The number of new cases in Hawaii has varied greatly from year to year, reaching 558 in 1888 and falling to twenty-three in 1908. The average yearly number is now about fifty, and the disease has been found chiefly among the people of native blood.

"In 1898, when the Philippine Islands were taken over by the United States, we acquired a new population of 7,000,000, now increased to about 13,000,000. Leprosy is a common disease among the inhabitants of these islands.

"It is estimated that there are no less than 200,000 lepers in the islands at the present time, spread among all the native tribes, among the Japanese and Chinese. The majority are sent to a leper colony at Culion Island, a remote spot, where between 5,000 and 6,000 cases are now housed and treated. Recently, treatment stations for leprosy have been established at various points, and a determined effort is being made to combat this scourge.

"The most hopeful thing about leprosy at present is our changed attitude in regard to the treatment of lepers. It has now been demonstrated that the infection can be arrested in many individuals and the lot of the others made happier.

"Probably the most important contribution to modern therapy is the use of the drug known as chaulmoogra oil or its derivatives. In many instances this drug can accomplish in a short time what general measures may effect only in months and years. While leprosy will not disappear from the world for long periods, if at all, the disease has passed into the category of ailments which can be helped by modern methods of medicine and surgery and to a considerable extent be prevented from spreading."

Television May Give Us a Super-Telescope

IMPROVEMENTS IN TELEVISION may give science the super-telescope of the future, exceeding in penetrating power anything yet attempted by astronomers.

Orestes H. Caldwell, editor of *Radio Retailing*, made this statement in a talk on "Radio, Electricity, and Astronomy," before the American Association of Variable Star Observers, at the Museum of Natural History, New York.

We quote the following from a press bulletin:

"Instead of expending the twelve million dollars estimated as necessary to complete and mount the projected great 200-inch telescope, it might pay to devote part of this sum to research along radical new lines of electrical amplification.

"No basic improvement has taken place in telescopes since Galileo. Exprest in radio terms, our present great telescopes are merely huge crystal receiving sets which collect and gather up impulses of very short (optical) wave-lengths, as a crystal set with a very long antenna gathers up broadcasting impulses.

"But modern radio receivers do not gather impulses; instead they utilize amplifying systems, which pick up faint ether impulses and amplify them through series of radio tubes.

"When this principle of amplification can be applied to faint short-wave ether impulses (light-rays), it should be possible to avoid the huge, cumbersome 'siege-gun' mounting of the modern big glass, weighing many tons, and costing millions to build and house. Replacing this, only a small 'receptor' or 'television eye' need then be provided, the impulses from which could be fed through multi-stage amplifiers to secure the desired magnification.

"The numerical possibilities of such a 'television super-telescope' are indicated by recalling that whereas our biggest present telescopes do not magnify much over 2,500 diameters, yet an ordinary home radio set magnifies its antenna impulses 500,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 times."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

It might be named "the blessings of obscurity." From *The New Statesman and Nation* (London):

TO THE "LOST TRIBE" OF INDIGIRKA

A "lost tribe," who had seen no strangers for eighteen years and had never heard of the World War, have been discovered in the Arctic delta of Indigirka, Siberia.

By MacFlecknoe

Lost amidst snows eternal,
  Remote, aloof, unstirred;
For whom no daily journal
  Proves daily life absurd;
Of sudden war's intrusion,
Of four years' mad confusion,
Of Peace—and disillusion—
  You simply never heard.

You read no daily sermons
  Expounding the offense
Of Austrians and Germans
  Who act with common sense;
Nor Hoover's exhortation
To perish of starvation,
Lest doles degrade the nation
  And cause the State expense.

And many a graver matter
  Has given you the slip—
The gossip-writer's chatter,
  The tipster's latest "snip";
The murders and divorces;
The gloomy Dean's discourses;
The people who drew horses
  In Dublin's lucky dip.

Lost amidst snows eternal,
  Remote, aloof, unstirred;
For you no daily journal
  Proves human life absurd.
You go your way unheeding,
While I spend hours in reading
How matters are proceeding
  That should not have occurred.

The recent rededication of the Lincoln tomb at Springfield calls out this tribute from E. O. Laughlin (Eolus) in the Chicago *Tribune:*

EMANCIPATED

By Eolus

To Springfield comes a prideful host—
Prince, warrior, legislator—
To bow and boast, and mourn and toast
The Meek Emancipator.

I leave them to their proud parade
Along the haughty highway,
And seek the presence of a shade
That haunts a humble byway.

I leave them to their cenotaph
And to their tinsel glory,
Inveigled by a gentle laugh,
A shrug, a homely story.

I follow where the shade retreats
O'er plains, down fern-decked caverns,
Through little towns, up little streets
To modest country taverns.

I linger and I loaf around
With farmer folk and neighbors,
Far from the crowd, on holy ground
He hallowed by his labors.

The sunshine filtering through the woods,
The shadows on the prairies,
The sighs, the smiles, the mocking moods
Of gnomes and fauns and fairies:

Emancipated, glorified
In these by his Creator,
His spirit ever shall abide—
The Great Emancipator.

This in the London *Spectator* may be said to follow the O. Henry model of the "flick of the tail":

ANSWER

By J. Simon

If you leave me?
I shall not die
Or make grief a trumpet
To shatter the sky.

I shall not ask
For anything more,
But to walk according
To natural lore,
One foot behind
The other before.

I shall rise at morning,
Sleep at night,
Grope in darkness,
See in light,
And tell unfailingly
Black from white.

I shall use my brain
To earn my bread,
Snarl when hungry
Smile well-fed,
I shall not die;

I shall be dead.

Call it fear, or delayed hope, or whatever possesses this soul who speaks, here is a mood perfectly exprest in *The Nation* (New York):

THERE MIGHT BE GLORY IN THE NIGHT

By Anne Hamilton

Across the mesh of feathered pine
The moon has drifted unconcerned;
Three times the hungry owl has gone,
And three times furtively returned.
The shadow of the wicket gate
By inches eats the whitened road;
I sit and watch the flaccid hours
Bend beneath their overload.

There might be glory in the night
And rich exultancy to wait
In arrogance of certainty
For some swift hand upon that gate;
But never splendor in the sky,
Nor ever joy to comfort one
Who sits in terror through the dark
To see the rising of the sun!

A little late, but better late than never, we pass on a sonnet from Miss Millay's last volume, "Fatal Interview" (Harper & Bros.):

SONNET XXXVI

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Hearing your words, and not a word among them
Tuned to my liking, on a salty day
When inland woods were pushed by winds that flung them
Hissing to leeward like a ton of spray,
I thought how off Matinicus the tide
Came pounding in, came running through the Gut,
While from the Rock the warning whistle cried,
And children whimpered, and the doors blew shut;
There in the autumn when the men go forth,
With slapping skirts the island women stand
In gardens stripped and scattered, peering north,
With dahlia tubers dripping from the hand:
The wind of their endurance, driving south,
Flattened your words against your speaking mouth.

A simple theme, perhaps, but enough to evoke a whole summer's day. In *The North American Review:*

SUMMER ARABESQUE

By Charles Ballard

Flowers on rainy days fold into hoods
and bend meekly,
while the happy drops patter and splash all about—
pizzicato—pizzicato—
and jolly little breezes scatter the sudden opals—
flying—flying.

On rainy days the huddled petals tremble a little—
shivering—shivering—
as the water comes down—
spilling—spilling—
scented
and cold
and silvery.

The brother of Aldous Huxley, devoted to science, also has a touch of the divine fire. From the London *Spectator:*

ONE WAY OF LOVE

By Julian Huxley

One way of love is the way of the young lover—
  To take in his eager hands the whole of his being
And try to bestow it away, to bend it over
  To grow in another's garden, to train its seeing
To see with the loved one's eyes, to make its heart
  Beat with the beat that times the life of another
—Union no temporal world could have power to part,
  Completer than river with sea, than child with mother.

. . . . . .

Poor young lover, aspiring beyond your powers,
  Why do you try the impossible, why with desire,
Barren as Dian's, reap and lay low the hours
  Youth might have touched to flower and crowned with fire?

Miss Davies finds a hitherto unsung human benefactor, and reports him in the New York *American:*

SODA CLERK

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Lonely stenographers,
  Hiding their tearfulness,
Stop at the counter
  For coffee and toast.
They start off to work
  With the soda clerk's cheerfulness
Bucking them up
  When they need it the most.

Fat, unloved matrons,
  And spectacled, thinnish girls
All find a courtesy
  Soothing their vanity.
Third, and Park Avenue!
  Finished, and Finnish girls!
Even unhuman ones
  Find here, humanity!

Maids who've not known
  A man's tender, kind scrutiny—
Maids who have hearts
  No one troubles to break—
Ugly and poor—
  Do the soda clerks mutiny?
Never! Girls homely
  And fair, get a break!

Girls who could never
  Afford them a gigolo
Crave this "Good morning!"
  And intimate smile,
Some girls glare grimly,
  And some glance and giggle low.
Each gets new courage
  And strength—for a while.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Boom! Boom! "Old Ironsides" Rejoins the Navy

AND SHE WILL USE HER SAILS—when she arrives at the Yorktown Sequicentennial, Virginia's aspiring four-day festival of historic and patriotic pageantry, in mid-October.

Such is the eleventh-hour news about the grand old *Constitution's* summer jaunt along a string of Atlantic ports.

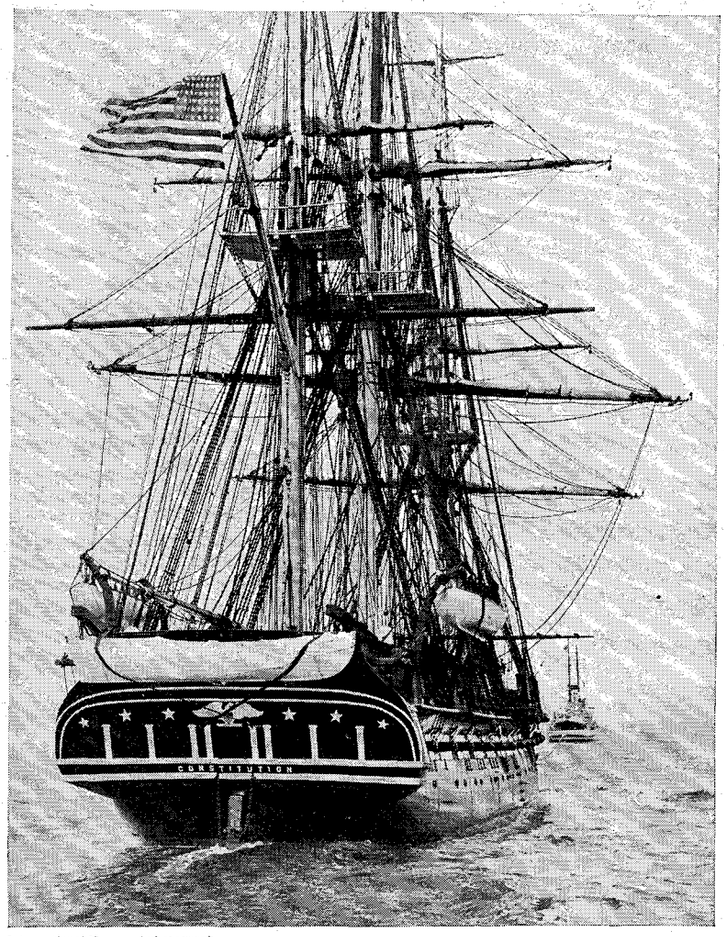
But she has started out at the end of a tow-rope, as originally planned by the Navy Department—started "with wings clipt," as one sorrowing writer puts it—and those who have been agitating for her navigation under her own canvas are almost inclined to moan:

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath
the wave."

One comfort for the mourners is that with hoisting of colors and booming of cannon in Boston harbor, "Old Ironsides" has been recommissioned in the United States Navy after a lapse of forty-four years.

Another is that Secretary of the Navy Adams, imprest by a nation-wide barrage of editorials and a deluge of letters to the Navy Department, promises that when favorable conditions present themselves in the course of her exhibition cruise she will be allowed to make port with her white wings spread as in the days of her glory.

Thus a sop is thrown to the thousands of nautical and fresh-water sentimentalists who took fire when they first heard of the Navy's plan to send "Old Ironsides" cruising under bare poles in the wake of a tug.



International Newsreel photograph

With Wings Furled, "Old Ironsides" Starts on Her Cruise

Dragged by a mine-sweeper at the end of a tow-rope. How different from her picture on page 32!

Tow the *Constitution* like a scow! Sailor-men and plain patriots rose to their hind legs and howled. Such passion had not been stirred over the little old frigate since 1830, when it was proposed to demolish her, and Oliver Wendell Holmes saved the day with a lyrical protest beginning:

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more."

SOMETHING of the same spirit was invoked by those who cried "Sacrilege" at the Navy's plan for the reconditioned frigate's holiday cruise behind a tug.

The brunt of the storm was borne by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke, whose job it was to issue the official orders and announcements.

His first rather hurried reply to criticisms of the towing program was that the restored frigate—she is 85 per cent. rebuilt—had no sails except one or two for exhibition purposes.

In rebuttal it was pointed out to him that she actually possest a brand-new presentation suit of sails. Thirty of 'em—12,500 square yards of oceanic duck, specially woven for "Old Ironsides" as a patriotic contribution by the West Point Manufacturing Company, of West Point, Georgia, an associate of the cotton group of Wellington, Sears and Company, which traces a historic connection with the *Constitution* to the fact that it includes the old Boston house of N. Boynton and Company, outfitters of the frigate when she was new.

Abandoning his first position, Mr. Jahncke argued that up-to-date American sailors knew nothing about handling the sails of a square-rigger, and that the only way to man the masts and yards of the centenarian frigate would be by shipping a crew of Scandinavians, which wouldn't please the patriots any more than the tugboat program.

Here again the harassed Assistant Secretary drew indignant fire from Sailors' Snug Harbor and other nautical centers. Pages of newspaper space have since been filled with protests and arguments, not to mention numerous sporting offers to recruit crews of able-bodied American tars who could make the frigate's canvas draw like a witch, from flying jib to mizzenskysail.

And so the fat was in the fire up to the very day of the *Constitution's* readmission to the Navy, on the eve of her being towed from Boston to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the first call in her itinerary.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY JAHNCKE, taking part in the naval ceremonies, made an oration in which he extolled "ardent patriotism," reviewed the *Constitution's* victories over British war-ships and Barbary pirates, and forecast a plan for attaching her to the Annapolis Naval Academy as a training-ship, which stirred up a new hornets' nest. As we read in the Boston *Herald:*

"Old Ironsides" belongs in Boston, where she has been for the past thirty-four years, and must remain here.

This was the answer last night by Senator David I. Walsh to the suggestion by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernst Lee Jahncke that the historic vessel be turned over to midshipmen at Annapolis.

The possibility that Boston might never again see the historic ship, and the certainty that Massachusetts will make a vigorous fight to make the navy yard in Charlestown her permanent home, came last night after Senator Millard E. Tydings and Representative Stephen Gambrill of Maryland, members respectively of the Senate and House Naval Affairs committees, had

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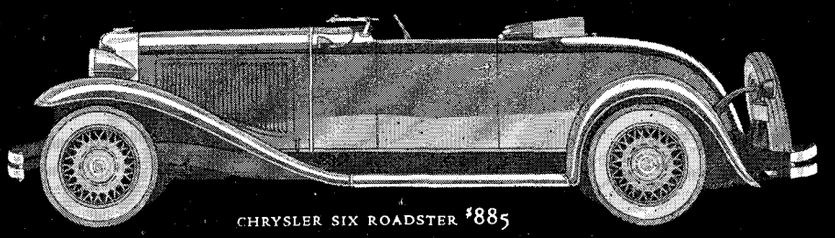
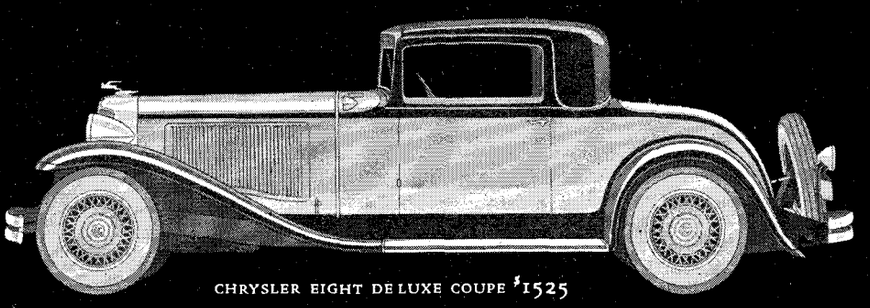
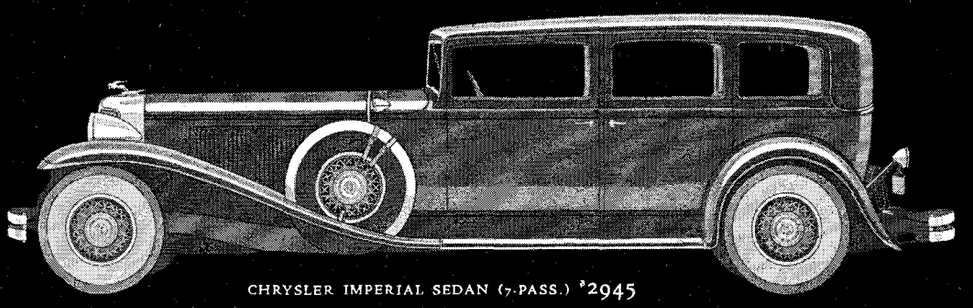
CHRYSLER



CHRYSLER SIX ROADSTER $885



CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE COUPE $1525



CHRYSLER IMPERIAL SEDAN (7-PASS.) $2945

Joyously Different from Other Cars

CHRYSLERS at every price are *Chryslers*—and therefore joyously different from other cars. More alive, more responsive, smoother in action, more restful to ride in.

All Chrysler cars are definitely related to each other by the same general design, by the same general basis of quality, by the same general excellence of engineering, by the same general spirit of performance.

Today there is a Chrysler for practically every purse—each outstanding in value.

The Chrysler Six. A fine, big Six of sterling ability. 116-inch wheelbase. Quiet 78-horsepower engine. Staunch, rigid double-drop frame. Low center of gravity. Safety bodies of steel. Internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes . . .

Or the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe—*de luxe* in everything, inside and outside. Divided windshield. Unusually roomy bodies. Unusually deep, soft cushions. An easy-riding 124-inch wheelbase. Unusually long springs. A smooth 95-horsepower straight eight engine that gives you eighty miles an hour if you want it—with the safety of low-swung balance of weight and the positive, easy control of internal hydraulic brakes . . .

Or the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight—Chrysler's very finest—a motor car for connoisseurs of motor cars. An ultra-fine car of 145-inch wheelbase and 125-horsepower—winner of 12 official A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records.

CHRYSLER SIX	$885 to $935
CHRYSLER "70"	$1245 to $1295
CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE	$1525 to $1585
(Five wire wheels standard; six wire wheels $35 extra)	
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT	$2745 to $3145
(CUSTOM MODELS $3150 to $3575)	

All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra

Both the De Luxe Eight and the Imperial Eight have the exclusive Chrysler Dual High gear transmission. TWO high gears, and you can shift from either to the other *instantly*—at any car speed—without clashing. One high gear is for flashing action in traffic. Another still higher gear gives faster car speeds at *slower* engine speeds.

Drive a Chrysler—*any* Chrysler—and enjoy the difference. Enjoy the brilliant zest of Chrysler pick-up, the smoothness of Chrysler speed. Learn why Chrysler value is better value.

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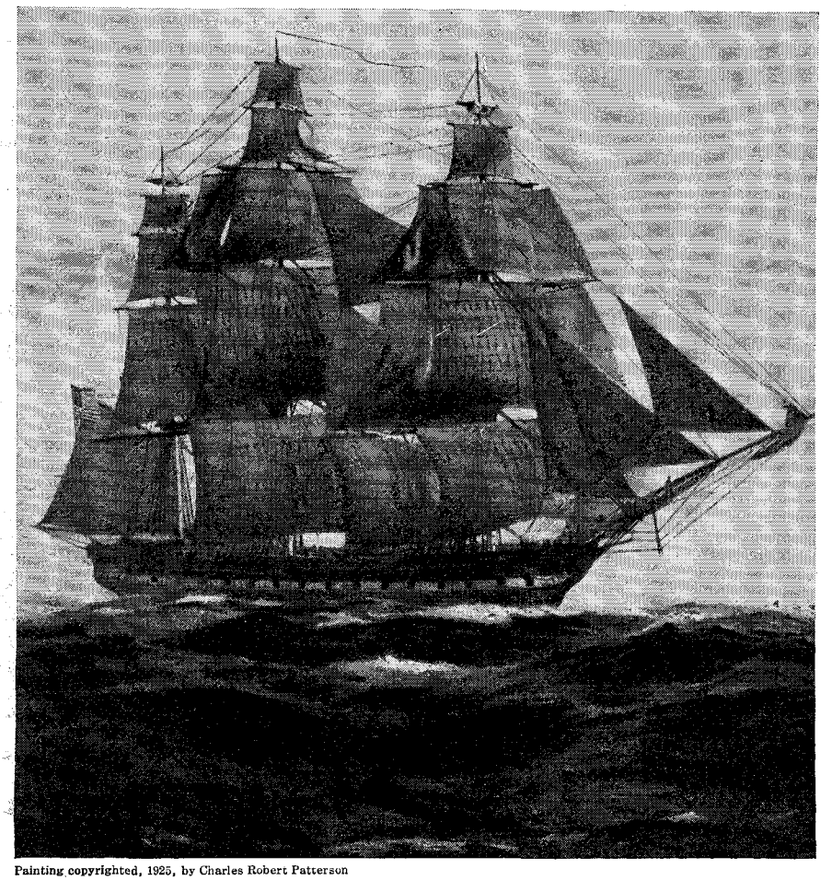
indorsed Jahncke's proposal and urged that the Naval Academy be made the permanent base for the ship.

As soon as he heard of the attempt to take the *Constitution* from Boston, Senator Walsh registered protest, and last night it was indicated that he would have the backing of the entire Massachusetts delegation in Congress.

"It is natural to expect members of the Senate and House from Maryland to want to get the entire Navy at Baltimore," he said. "The Naval Academy already has a Spanish vessel, seized during the Spanish-American War and of undoubted historic associations."



Painting copyrighted, 1925, by Charles Robert Patterson

As Countless Americans Would Like to See Her To-day

Patterson's painting, photographed above, was reproduced in color on "The Digest's" cover, December 5, 1925.

FOR an emotional account of the *Constitution's* departure on her cruise, we turn to the New York *Herald Tribune*, which had waged a strong editorial fight to have her navigated under her own canvas:

Lasht to the side of a steel mine-sweeper, the recommissioned U. S. S. *Constitution* made an inglorious and a pathetic departure from Boston to-day upon her new service—that of a pageant ship of her country's history.

The pathos of the one-time pride of the Navy of wooden ships slipping through the waters with brand-new sails tightly furled and the smoke of the mine-sweeper *Grebe* trailing to leeward just like that of an ocean tug nudging along a flat-nosed barge, bore down upon the thousands who gathered to watch.

Had it not been for the constant shrieking salute of every steam craft in the harbor, it seemed almost as if the "sailing" of the *Constitution* would have been watched in silence born of pity.

Thousands watched the taking to sea again of the old war-ship fabled in tradition and verse as "Old Ironsides." Crowds lined the slip at the navy-yard, which has been her berth for more than three decades, T wharf, and other vantage-points on the water-front, and Castle Island, last near-by point of land before the open ocean.

Her sails were helplessly furled as she was convoyed as far as Finn's Ledge, off Nahant, by three Navy tugs, the *Wandank*, *Nottoway*, and *Iwana*. At the Ledge the powerful mine-sweeper U. S. S. *Grebe*, in command of E. H. Pietri, swung from its position at the side of "Old Ironsides" to tow her from the bow to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, first port of call on the extended summer tour of Eastern ports.

Admiral Louis M. Nulton, commandant of the Charlestown Navy-yard; Curtis D. Wilbur, former Secretary of the Navy, and other navy-yard officers were at Pier 4 to witness the *Constitution's* departure. School children, whose pennies aided in bringing its restoration, were in large numbers among the crowd of 1,500 persons.

At 12:30 P. M., the forty-eight-starred jack, flown only in port, was run down and, to the accompaniment of three cheers, led by a naval officer on the pier, "Old Ironsides" slid majestically into the open water. Two airplanes circled overhead, and a half-dozen private speed-boats followed along with the Navy convoy.

Even the indignity of a tow could not at that moment dull the majesty of "Old Ironsides."

Passengers on ferries, private yachts, and the New York boat which came up from Quarantine just as "Old Ironsides" left her berth, flocked to the sides nearest the historic war-ship as she slid down the channel with whistles shrieking on both sides of the harbor. Atop the Custom House tower a small knot of watchers was visible.

News-reel motion-picture photographers and newspaper camera men were aboard the tugs which convoyed "Old Ironsides" down the channel.

"Old Ironsides" took to the open water with all the upright bearing fitting to the pride of the older Navy. Altho she pitched heavily, in noticeable contrast to the smaller mine-sweeper, when in the rougher swells out from the landlocked harbor, there was not a trace of roll visible.

Under the command of Commander Louis J. Gulliver aboard the frigate are sixty sailors, six other officers, and fifteen marines, who will do guard duty during the tour. Her sails, built by old-time sailmakers for the voyage, may be unfurled and are ready for use in emergency. Ninety-five tons of rock are aboard for ballast.

Lieut. John A. Lord, for whom high praise was given by naval officials yesterday for his labor of seven years, which restored "Old Ironsides" exactly as it was a century ago, was aboard the historic frigate to-day. He will remain with the cruise during the early stages.

Commander Gulliver put in at Gloucester to-night, and will proceed to-morrow morning to Portsmouth. The *Constitution* will be host to visitors in Portsmouth until July 9. The remainder of her itinerary follows: Bar Harbor, Maine, July 10-13; Bath, Maine, July 13-16; Portland, Maine, July 16-23; Gloucester, July 23-30; New Bedford, July 31-August 6; Providence, August 6-10; Newport, Rhode Island, August 10-13; New London, Connecticut, August 13-20; Fort Pond Bay, August 20-24; Oyster Bay, August 24-27; New York, August 29-September 8; Newark, September 8-14; Wilmington, Delaware, September 15-18; Philadelphia, September 18-October 1; Newport News, October 3-9; Norfolk, October 9-16; Yorktown, October 16-23.

ON Sunday, October 18, "Old Ironsides" will hold "open house" in the York River, along with the modern French and American war-ships attending the Yorkville Sesquicentennial, celebrating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington. Four days of stunning pageantry are planned, under the auspices of the National Government and the State of Virginia. Descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and von Steuben are expected to be there.

President Hoover, General Pershing, and a great array of Governors have accepted the invitation of Gov. John Garland Pollard, of Virginia, to attend the festivities with their military staffs.

Colonial history and atmosphere will be the order of the day. A monument will be dedicated to Lord Cornwallis, and the National Park Service will dedicate the $2,000,000 Colonial National Monument, a handsome parkway connecting Yorktown with parts of Williamsburg and Jamestown Island. Preparations are being made to receive 100,000 visitors. Fireworks will show battle scenes over the York River, and "Old Ironsides" will be very much at home in international naval maneuvers.

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Home Joys and Griefs of the Circus Folks

DOWN CAME THE FRAIL GIRL in a dizzying plunge from the top of the big circus tent to the hard-packed dirt of the arena.

The audience cried in horror.

Workmen came on the run. The circus physician arrived with his professional-looking black case of remedies.

Maude Millette, who, John Gordon tells us in *The Home Magazine*, "was paid $200 a week to place a rubber mouthpiece between her teeth, by which she was drawn to the top of the tent and then whirled around swiftly," opened her eyes.

The tragedy was happily incomplete. The mouthpiece had broken from its fastening and Maude had fallen. But she was alive, altho terribly bruised.

"You're worth a dozen dead women," said the doctor, thinking to comfort her.

But Maude Millette burst into tears. She was not concerned with such matters as her own life or death. No. Like many of her sisters, in times of great stress, her first thoughts were of something quite different.

"Loo-ook at my teeth!" she cried. "Three of-of them go-gone! And I had them filled with go-gold o-only yesterday!"

Fresh sobs shook her frame, we read.

"And I paid the dentist, too!" she mourned.

Maude Millette thought nothing of the perils of her job. Circus women, as a class, don't think of such things. Now and then one of them is injured, but generally they recover. They may quail at crowded street crossings, but they take the hazards of the high trapeze and the tight rope in stride—just as the secretary, the saleslady, and the housewife take the dangers and annoyances of their jobs in stride.

THEIR off hours are not devoted to apprehension of what may happen at the next performance, as Dixie Willson, who writes out of her own experience as a circus woman, reiterates in *Good Housekeeping*. Off hours are devoted to embroidery, shopping, mending, laundry, babies, perhaps, and, in short, anything to which women ordinarily devote themselves. The circus, no less than the city, has its "Main Street," devoted to quiet domesticity. Like Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady, circus women, business women, and housewives are sisters under the skin, even tho their environments may look different.

Both Mr. Gordon and Miss Willson lead us out of the brightly lighted arena into the dressing-tents, the cook-tents, and living-quarters and present a vivid and unusual picture of circus folk at home—concerned with dental work, runs in their stockings, and letters from home, rather than with the danger of broken bracing wires and insecure grips.

Illustration by courtesy of *The Home Magazine* (New York)

Lillian Leitzel Saving Nine Stitches

FIRST of all, Mr. Gordon says this of the rewards a circus career offers to women:

Does this risk of limb and life pay?
Is it worth while?
Are the women happy?
Salaries are good, and the performer is enabled to save money.

Illustration by courtesy of *Good Housekeeping* (New York)

Monday Is Washday in the Circus, Too

Living expenses are defrayed by the circus. A woman rider of average ability (from a circus view-point) gets $75 a week. If she can turn a somersault on the horse's back while the animal is in motion, an additional $50 is added. A back-somersault is worth from $200 to $250 a week.

Among the leading circus performers of to-day are those who trace an unbroken lineage back to the time of Shakespeare. For 250 years their families have been acrobats, have lived and died under the great, white canvas, and have handed down the fascination of the tanbark to their children and their children's children.

CONTINUING this "peep" behind the scenes, Mr. Gordon comes down to cases. Turning to "The Biggest Show on Earth," he asks:

Did you know that there are sixty children with the show—the offspring of performers?

Did you know that there are 4,500 meals served daily to the grand total which goes to make up the circus? To say nothing of the 760 horses!

Nor will we dwell upon the exactly 100 clowns and the 800 performers. We shall stick closely to the women folk.

Circus women embroider, knit, and darn in their spare time. They talk—they even gossip. They play bridge—some of them well—and act like every-day human beings. It sounds a bit unromantic, for, naturally, you expect romance under the big top. But truth is truth.

Circus women lead a healthy, fine, outdoor life. Their work necessarily keeps them in fine physical trim. They can not dissipate; their work is too exacting. Steady nerves are synonymous with safety, and even life.

The life is not the strain it appears to the casual observer. Special trains give comfort that no ordinary Pullman sleeper can furnish. The long cars are divided into large staterooms, akin to the cabins on steamships. There is material comfort. The performer is at liberty to do what she pleases the moment her act is done. She may even go to sleep.

Her meals are served promptly—and good meals, too. Social life is simple. There are no whoopee parties. But midnight

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luncheons are not uncommon. Neither are outdoor picnics when the chance comes.

DIXIE WILLSON concerns herself with the details of circus domesticity. How are dressing-tents arranged? When are meals served? How is laundry managed? What about children? Her narrative ranges over the entire nation—adventures and misadventures in Indianapolis and Texarkana; special problems on the circus lots of St. Louis and Omaha. First of all she describes the dressing-tent, thus:

The dressing-tent is a large, oval enclosure, divided by a wall from ground to ceiling, into two halves, one for gentlemen and one for ladies, a privacy upon which there is absolutely no infringement. Not even a husband may enter his wife's dressing-room, nor a wife her husband's.

In each half about 130 trunks are placed in a circle around the side and in a double row, back to back, through the center, each trunk in the same place every day. Some have had the same place for ten years!

A hybrid combination, the ladies' dressing-room, of the fantastic and the domestic!

Side-walls fluttering with bright, little, sparkling skirts and gay, iridescent bodices; pale tights and rainbow shoes pinned up by their ribbons, and in the shadow of this, the busy laundry buckets, the ironing, the baby-tending; a lady in calico and kid curlers solemnly fitting a Sunday silk over a pneumatic figure standing on its unconvincing wire leg in the aisle; some one resplendent in the flags of all nations busy getting buttons sewed on her husband's shirt and exchanging apple-pie recipes with somebody else clothed in soap-suds, standing in a bath-bucket!

In the center of the tent is an ice-water barrel; and each performer has a chair and two buckets of rain-water beside her trunk, and a rug, if she wants one.

Circus trunks are the old-fashioned box variety, and of uniform size, so they will pack evenly into the wagons. Each lady's trunk cover is lined with cretonne or linen or silk, on which pictures and show routes are pinned.

AT three-thirty every afternoon "there would rise to the top of the cook-house the white flag with its red letters 'Hotel.' Dinner ready to serve." Then we read:

The freaks would come hurrying down from the side-show, the giant carrying an armful of midgets if the ground was rough or the grass high or the distance far.

The bearded lady's beard would be wrapt in a veil, the three-legged man's surplus member neatly carried over his arm. The legless lady, laughing and talking quick French to her husband, trundling the chair in which she rode.

A contented and conceited lot of people, the freaks, conceited over the things for which you pity them; the smallest midget making it clearly understood there are none smaller; the armless girl very haughty about the typewriting speed of her toes! Contented, for the most part, tho the bearded lady, who was past sixty, always seemed a lonely and pathetic figure to me.

She had a good deal of money, and a husband who was very kind to her, she said, but never did I see her smile. And her eyes were filled with sorrow.

All day she talked to a marmoset, a handsome, impudent, bead-eyed creature who sat on her shoulder and defied any one to take him away! Even when she died, he bit savagely at every one who came near, and when they took him away, in spite of it, he died, too.

And I was sorry for the lion-faced girl, who was barely nineteen, and had a hauntingly lovely voice and a beautiful white body. She spent hours embroidering her lingerie of finest imported silk and linen.

And she had an odd hobby. She had learned to say, "Do you love me?" in every language she had ever heard. A phrase for which, so ironically and tragically, she could never have any use!

But the "strange people" are not so strange, after all. There is much hilarious fun in the side-show, and a good deal of joking between exhibitions.

Performers have dinner as soon as their acts in the show are finished. Table conversations include every topic but the circus; home-town news, the latest movies, the daily newspaper headlines! Sometimes your feet are on baked yellow dust, sometimes on a carpet of wild violets; sometimes you are wearing rubber boots and a slicker, the table in a puddle half-way to your knees.

But it is all the same. The mint sauce comes up just as properly with the lamb, the potatoes are just as brown, and everybody is just as happy!

Honoring California History With Crack Liners

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND may soon be the shortest way there and back—at least so far as England and Australia are concerned.

This interesting claim of speed (that "the Londoner who must keep a business appointment in Sydney will find he can do it days quicker via America," altho this is a longer route) is made by the Matson Navigation Company of San Francisco apropos of the launching of its new 632-foot liner, the *Mariposa*, at Quincy, Massachusetts. This vessel is the first third of a $25,000,000 building program which the company hopes may help to dispel the clouds of depression. The *Mariposa* will be followed by the *Monterey*, *The Journal of Commerce* tells us, and the *Monterey* by the *Lurline*.

There are interesting historical associations in the names of these ships, according to *The American Travel Agent's Magazine:*

Mariposa County, California, was the locale of the historic gold rush in '49, being the heart of the rich Mother Lode district. Monterey, claiming California's first State capital, is reminiscent of the days when gallant Spanish grandees ruled the land.

The general particulars of the new ships are as follows:

Length over all, 632 feet; length between perpendiculars, 605 feet; beam, 79 feet; draft, 28 feet; displacement, 26,000 tons; guaranteed trial trip speed, 20½ knots.

There will be nine decks, sixteen water-tight compartments with double bottom throughout. The bulkheading arrangement is such that with any two of the largest adjacent compartments of the vessel flooded, the ship would remain afloat.

First-class public spaces have been arranged on "A" deck, with a library, writing-room, lounge, theater, smoking-room, with men's club and card-room adjacent. On this deck also will be an exceptionally large ballroom veranda extending the width of the ship and entirely closed in with adjustable low-type glass windows. On the dome over the social hall there is a new feature in a game deck which provides a tennis-court, hand-ball court, and space for other sports.

The new liners will provide more promenade deck space per passenger than any other American-built ship. Enclosed with adjustable glass windows, the spacious promenades become available to passengers in any sort of weather.

Each ship will have two outdoor swimming-pools, built into the vessel, a delightful innovation for travel in the tropics. Convenient to the swimming-pools will be dressing-rooms, gymnasiums, and electric cabinet baths.

Staterooms are unusually large, and with the exception of a few maids' rooms at the center of the ship, all are arranged as outside staterooms. Every first-class room on the ship has either a private bath, private shower, or connecting bath. Each bath has hot and cold fresh water. All staterooms will be fitted with extra large twin beds, and furnishings to match will be on a par with the finest hotel or club.

ONE can even enjoy a private apartment at sea, we learn as we pursue this description:

There are numerous de luxe staterooms with large private verandas. Two special de luxe stateroom suites on "C" deck consist of two double bedrooms, living-room, maid's room, dressing-room and trunk-room. Specially equipped and decorated, there will be no finer "apartment suites" on any liner.

On each liner there will be a complete newspaper plant, printing last-minute news and stock reports flashed from world centers by radio; a theater in which the latest talkie releases will be shown, and a complete broadcasting system bringing into private staterooms available shore programs and such ship programs as are put on in the various public rooms.

Smart shops, beauty salons, a fully equipped laundry, children's playrooms, novelty shops, barber and tailor shops, photographic studio, a night club, a brokerage office and skilled medical, dental, and nursing services are some of the other features of these distinctive seagoing palaces.

It is significant that these gigantic new American-flag vessels, like many others now building or contracted for, are pointed for service in the Pacific. Recent years have seen the development of new world currents in foreign trade and travel, indicating that the "Pacific era" is at hand. In American shipyards alone, upwards of $60,000,000 worth of new tonnage is now building for this trade.

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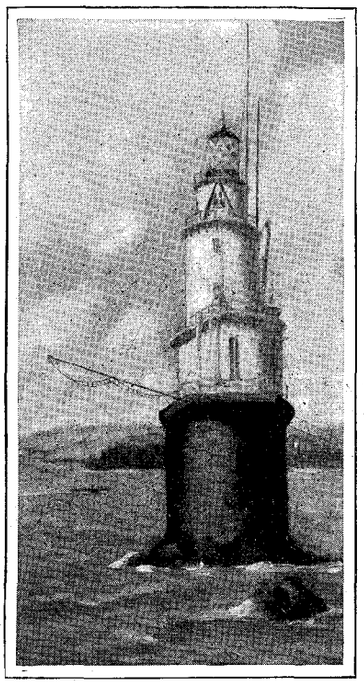

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The Golf Club That Put Itself Out to Oblige Mrs. Robin and Her Babies

WHAT on earth could be the matter? The several members of the board of governors of the Hillcrest Golf Club, of Kansas City, Missouri, asked themselves that question with puzzled frowns.

On an urgent call from the president for a special meeting of the board, they were dropping important business and professional affairs to hurry to the club-house—a trip of fifteen miles for some and twenty for others.

President Hoyland, who is the head of a large flour-mills company, had a grave face as he rose to explain the crisis which had led him to call the governors together for precipitate action.

"I insisted on full attendance, because it is a matter of life and death," he announced.

The members of the board braced themselves for a shock, relates a writer in *The American Weekly*. The president cleared his throat and went on solemnly, as we read:

"On the bridge across the ravine from No. 2 tee to No. 2 fairway, a pair of robins have built a nest."

"What of it?" asked Charles Taylor, glancing nervously at his watch. The president of a great butter concern, he ought to be back in his office before the New York butter market closed.

"There is an egg in it," answered the president solemnly.

"Did you call me way over here just to inform me that a robin had laid an egg?" inquired Dr. Pittam, looking the president over with a critical eye.

"I certainly did, and to let you know that she will probably lay two or three more in a day or two."

The eminent surgeon arose and started unscrewing the case of his clinical thermometer.

"Let's see how much temperature you have," he said soothingly.

"Sit down, Doctor," commanded the president. "I just want you gentlemen to pass an ordinance forbidding any member or employee to cross that bridge until the last of the young robins has left the nest."

"Aw, say, that's going to be tough on some of us heavyweights, scrambling up and down the sides of that ravine," came a protesting voice.

"That part is all right; it will do you good," advised the surgeon; "in fact, I prescribe it for you. But why can't we just post a sign telling every one to look out for the nest? Nobody would disturb it."

"That will not be enough," President Hoyland explained. "The birds have built right on the floor of the bridge and, even if nobody accidentally kicks it, the feet of all those duffers and dufferesses passing so close will frighten the parent birds away, and times are hard enough as it is."

"What have hard times got to do with a robin?" asked Mr. Warkentin, the practical-minded president of another flour-mills corporation.

"Times are always hard for robins in the spring, when the mother and father robin have to find enough worms to feed four or five hungry nestlings," Mr. Hoyland said. "Have you ever watched a robin's nest? I have read that a baby robin eats its weight in worms every day. How would you like that contract? It's worse than the flour business."

Mr. Warkentin subsided, but the fine legal mind of Attorney Fraker was aroused.

"That is a careless pair of birds, building a home without securing any title to the land beneath," the lawyer commented. "They should have built in the trees, where they have rights. However, the club was negligent in not bringing dispossess proceedings against these squatters at the proper time. We seem to have incurred a moral responsibility and liability for that family while its offspring is of tender age. We must condemn that bridge until such time as the children are self-supporting. There should be a sign on it."

"I already have one, painted in advance, because I felt sure that you would all concur," answered the president. "Here it is." The sign read:

HELP THE ROBINS TO RAISE THEIR FAMILY.
PLEASE DO NOT CROSS THE BRIDGE.

"That will do," said the lawyer, "but we must also post another, drawn in proper legal form, for any one who may object."

"I have that, too," said Mr. Hoyland.

THE resolution was passed unanimously, we learn, and the busy governors adjourned and made a rush for their cars. "Mr. Taylor was delayed in traffic, reaching his office just too late to get in a large order of butter. He was convinced that butter was going up. Sentiment and kindness to animals and mothers was a fine thing, but, after all, he was in butter, not the worm business. What would his company say when they learned that it had been stuck?" However, we learn with relief:

Nothing unpleasant was said because, next morning, butter opened almost a cent lower, making a substantial saving for the company. The surgeon got back to find an invitation to operate on a nice millionaire. And thus it was with most of the others. Virtue is its own reward.

The ends of the bridge were barricaded and the signs posted. The 400 members of the club, most of them wealthy men and women, used to taking an elevator rather than climb a flight of steps, plunged in and out of that rugged ravine, under their own power, without a word of complaint. All they asked for their sacrifice was a daily peep from a respectful distance at these feathered squatters who had ejected them from their own property.

Four eggs were counted, which presently turned into four creatures mostly stomachs, attached to large, open beaks into which the mother and father dropt an incredible number of worms.

The Hillcrest Golf Club is rather exclusive, but the most exclusive part is No. 2 bridge. Nobody, even the Prince of Wales, would be good enough to get on there until the robins are through with it. The fledglings will soon be out in the world, just four young robins unconscious of their own fame in having detoured 400 wealthy people from their own property for several weeks.

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Who's the New Big Bill? Take Your Pick

A LANKY AMERICAN BOY OF TWENTY and a muscular, agile French veteran of the tennis-courts faced each other across the net. Clean-cut, decisive shots began to whiz across the net, and they went chiefly in the direction of the French veteran.

But, suddenly, disaster interrupted the sensational and brilliant match between Frank Shields of New York and Jean Borotra of France—the high spot of the recent Wimbledon tournament that revealed so many worthy American successors to Big Bill Tilden.

Leading two sets to one, four games to three, and 40-30, Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., tells us in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "Shields slipt on a ball lying near the net and fell heavily, straining a ligament in his leg. He rolled over in obvious pain, and Borotra, always the gallant opponent, came bounding to the net to help him.

"Borotra held his arm while he hobbled to the side-lines. Borotra brought him water and his coat and helped rub the injured leg."

"We can finish the match some other time," Borotra argued, according to this version.

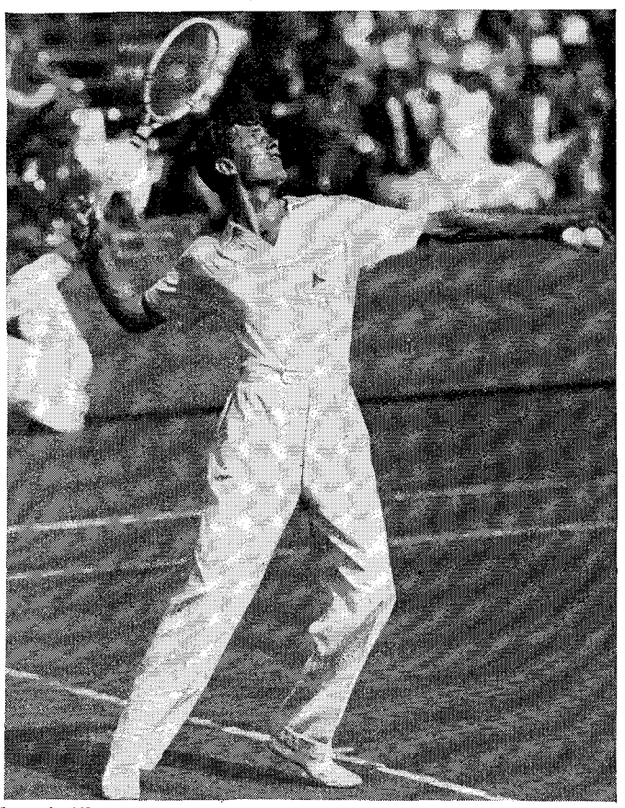
Shields was not sure. "He limped back to the base-line and was about to serve when Borotra signaled to the umpire.

"Are you all right, Shields?" asked the umpire."

The crowd, we read, "thought it was about to witness a débâcle almost at the moment of Shields's victory. Once more both players left the court, but this time Shields would not hear of a postponement. The Frenchman, still skeptical, ran back to his position, waiting for Shields to finish his service.

"Shields's answer was swift and ruthless when it came. He served one terrific cannon-ball, which Borotra could not return."

And thus it was, Mr. Kuhn tells us elsewhere in his account:



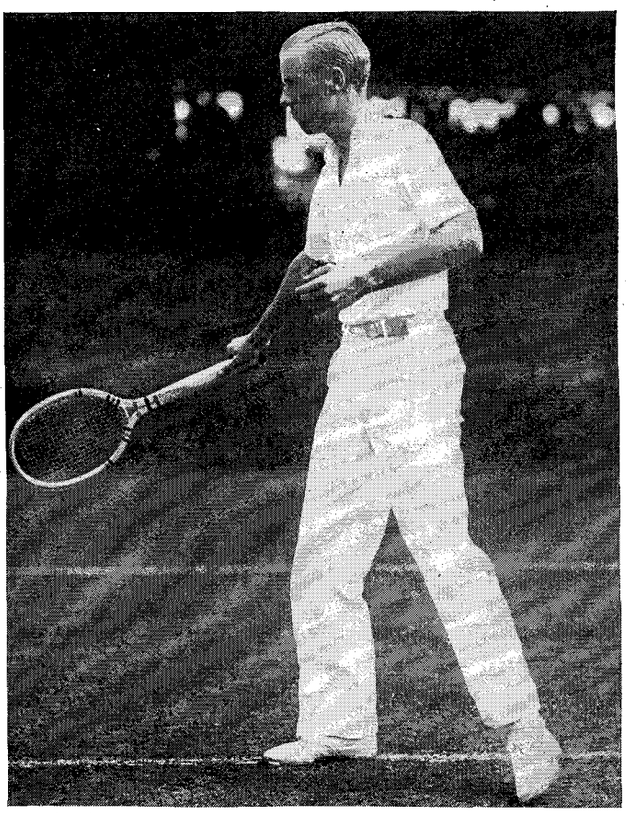
International Newsreel photograph

The American Boy Who Beat Borotra

Frank Shields, who injured his leg and couldn't compete in the final for the Wimbledon championship.

A tall New York boy of twenty won a victory which for the past eight years tennis youngsters of all countries have dreamed of winning.

Playing in his first Wimbledon tournament, before an astonished crowd of 20,000, Shields outplayed and outgeneraled the great Borotra in four sets, 7—5, 3—6, 6—4, 6—4. Not so long ago he was winning tournaments for Columbia Grammar School



International Newsreel photograph

A "Worthy Successor" to Big Bill

Sidney Wood took the trophy by default when Shields couldn't play.

in New York, but to-day he marched into Wimbledon's final, where world champions of tennis have been made and unmade for the past fifty years.

With Shields, Sidney Wood, another American youngster, reached the dizzy heights of the Wimbledon final by defeating Fred Perry of England, 4—6, 6—2, 6—4, 6—2. Four years ago Wood, then only a stripling of sixteen, faced the mighty René Lacoste on the center court, but was put out in the first round.

BUT this final, for which these American boys had prepared so brilliantly, was not to take place. The injury to Shields which so nearly stopt his match with Borotra prevented it, and the title went by default to Wood. And Wood, all observers agree, is a worthy champion, a worthy successor to the mighty Tilden.

Before proceeding, however, let us have a look at the roll of Wimbledon winners. *The Times* lists them thus:

Men's Singles—Sidney B. Wood, Jr., United States.
Women's Singles—Fräulein Cilly Aussem, Germany.
Men's Doubles—George Lott, Jr., and John Van Ryn, United States.
Women's Doubles—Mrs. D. C. Shepherd-Barron and Miss Phyllis Mudford, Great Britain.
Mixed Doubles—Lott and Mrs. L. A. Harper, United States.

Big Bill is generous in his praise of his successors, saying in an article copyrighted by the North American Newspaper Alliance:

The age of miracles is still at hand. Two boys not yet of age, hardly off the steamer when the tournament started, were to have met in the final round of the English championship at

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Wimbledon after coming through a field that included the great French stars and all the leading players of Europe.

It does not change the situation to say that one of them was unable to play because of injury. The two American youngsters, Frank Shields and Sidney B. Wood, Jr., to-day stand at the head of the amateur ranks.

The all-American final is becoming almost as frequent an occurrence at Wimbledon as the all-French final. Three times in recent years the two finalists have been Americans.

The first two to meet in the final round were two of our most noted fighting stars, Little Bill Johnston and Frank Hunter.

The next time the all-American feature came into being was when Wilmer Allison and I played last year. And once more this year our two youngest stars have carried the Stars and Stripes to the tennis heights.

What a remarkable tournament this Wimbledon turned out to be! Following the remarkable achievements of Wood and Shields come, in order of importance, the upset of Henri Cochet in the first round by Nigel Sharpe, the totally unexpected defeat of George Lott by Harry Lee, the sensational recovery of Miss Helen Jacobs's best form in crushing Miss Betty Nuthall, and the general uncertainty of result based on past records.

Just what Cochet's defeat really means for the future, it is almost impossible to guess. Personally, I can only figure it as a passing setback due to illness and lack of competition. Many people go as far as to claim Cochet will never again be a great player, but to me that seems a foolish statement.

THE 1931 Wimbledon tournament was one of surprizes, as John R. Tunis relates in the New York *Evening Post:*

With Cochet and Jean Borotra entered in the men's singles, only an imbecile, before the tournament, would have suggested an all-American final. And certainly no one could possibly have foreseen an all-German final in the women's singles. These German girls, Cilly Aussem, the No. 1 player; Hilda Krahwinkel, the No. 2, and Anna Peitz, the No. 4, ranking stars, are amazing players. The last named is but little below her compatriots, and only lost to Miss Betty Nuthall in three close sets in the fourth round. None of the three is in any sense of the word a great player. They win simply because they make the minimum of mistakes and take instant advantage of any faltering by their adversaries.

The men's doubles—Lott and Van Ryn against Cochet and Brugnon, won by the Americans—was as exciting as could be asked for, altho "full of spotty tennis from the first ball to the last," Mr. Tunis remarks as he proceeds to estimate the results of Van Ryn's achievements:

Van Ryn now has his third doubles title at Wimbledon, as he was victorious in 1929 and 1930 with Wilmer Allison. This is a remarkable record, and Mr. Hamilton Price, the Wimbledon referee, writing in the London *Times*, calls him "possibly the world's best doubles player at the moment."

I would prefer to award the title to Lott, who now holds the French, British, and American doubles titles.

"Hoch!" Cries Germany as Max and Cilly Win

AT four in the morning the Berliners piled out to hear the radio broadcast of the Schmeling-Stribling bout in Cleveland.

And some of the hardier Germans who thus cut short their sleep prolonged over the week-end their celebration of Max's victory—and that of Fräulein Cilly Aussem, who won the women's singles title in the all-German final with Fräulein Hilda Krahwinkel at Wimbledon.

"Cilly and Max would not be beaten. Neither will we."

Thus the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* rejoices over the victories of these two outstanding German athletes.

Dark Max, with his beetling black brows and his smashing blows, like the impact of howitzer shells, and white-clad Fräulein Cilly, flashing about the court, bring to Germany hard prest by poverty in post-war years, a sense of relief. The Fatherland hails their victories with a rousing "Hoch!" and feels that a nation that can produce such champions will not be floored by mere economic problems.

German sports writers are jubilant over what is generally considered a vindication of Schmeling's prowess after the unsatisfactory Sharkey decision of last year. All year this has been rankling in the breasts of the sports writers of Germany, and now they consider Max's rank as master of the world's boxers unassailable. They hail him as a champion indeed; and those who formerly criticized him adversely now execute an about-face. The same is true on this side of the Atlantic. Schmeling's victory over Stribling has resulted in a rather complete revaluation of his prowess.

Well, remarks the Washington *Evening Star*, "there is no need for Germany to declare a moratorium for the prowess of her youth." Further:

In the presence of the cleanly won victories of Max Schmeling and Cilly Aussem, it is plain that the world from now on has to reckon with Germany in that realm of international sport in which, hitherto, she has not shone with any particular effulgence.

THROUGHOUT all Germany the papers link the victories of Fräulein Aussem and Max, and cite them as proof of the vitality of Germany's top-ranking stars. According to the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, as reported for us by cable:

This third of July is worthy of remembrance in German sport.

Two figures, Cilly and Max, appeared as world champions in their games. Higher honors are impossible. We do not desire to overrate the results, but they prove to our great satisfaction that the German folk, altho not yet free from the Young plan and the Versailles Treaty, are not in the slightest thinking of dropping out of world affairs.

The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin hints that the two victories will aid to reestablish German prestige. Then:

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If Schmeling had risked more he could have ended Stribling at the latest in the tenth round by a knockout. But he preferred to remain cool and destroy Stribling's resistance piecemeal and systematically. Stribling was able to take the aggressive for a few rounds, but lacked the concentration which our master possesses in such great measure. Schmeling from the fifth round on dominated the overtrained and nervous Stribling, who was able to persevere only through his heroic courage.

HAILING the tennis champion with equal joy, the *Vossische Zeitung*, under the heading "The Wimbledon Turning Point," says:

Krahwinkel and Aussem bestowed upon German tennis a new authority in the hour of our deepest humiliation. Both worked themselves up through the world's best and accomplished grandiose feats on unfamiliar grass courts. Their example is an assurance that German women's tennis never will lose touch with international stardom.

Acme—P. & A. photograph

Max Enjoys a Few Well-Chosen Gloats

Champion Schmeling gazes proudly on the belt that is the tangible evidence of his title.

ALLUDING to the recent charges of professionalism working havoc among Germany's list of men tennis stars, the *Vossische Zeitung* caustically remarks, "We hope no German racquet manufacturers will offer money to the ladies for using their products exclusively."

Schmeling's victory, coming on top of Fräulein Aussem's, gave the reparations question a hot race for front-page space in the German press, where the two were often linked, according to an Associated Press dispatch, which reviews the newspapers thus:

The *Boersen Courier* saw both victories as increasing Germany's prestige.

"It will increase foreign confidence in Germany's inexhaustible energies."

After the fiasco at New York last year, where Schmeling won on a foul from Jack Sharkey, most of the sports editors frankly stated their countryman was no world's champion, thus starting a feud which has continued.

Schmeling, for his part, appeared indifferent to what the editors said and thought, thus increasing their ire.

The *Zwoelf Uhrblatt*, which has been his most hostile critic, admitted to-day he was a worthy champion.

The *Mittag Zeitung* headed its account "How Schmeling Won Real Championship," and commented editorially in the same vein.

SCHMELING mastering Stribling was like a woodman cutting down a tree with the "steady chop, chop, chop" of his ax, according to an admiring witness of the fight—Dan Taylor, who continues in the Cleveland *News:*

Slowly, but surely, the beetle-browed, lion hearted, and almost unbelievably durable German cut down the man who at least three out of every five people thought was a cinch to send him hurtling into the land of forgotten champions.

Before the knockdown for the count of nine and the technical knockout in the last round, this writer proceeds:

Schmeling beat the challenger at every turn of the game. The only thing in which the Georgia challenger excelled was holding, wrestling, and running, and it's easy for anybody to beat Schmeling at that, because he just doesn't go in for it.

Maxie proved himself a great champion, to me at least, not so much because he knocked out a man who was expected to beat him. Rather it was the masterly fashion in which he did his winning that was the outstanding feature of his performance. He took a man who admittedly was faster, more clever, more shifty, and could hit just as hard as the champ himself, and left him so far behind that in the last eight rounds the result never was in doubt.

To an Almost Perfect Secretary

Ambidextrous lady deftly
  Playing keys on your Corona,
Typing rightly, typing leftly,
  While you smile like Lisa (Mona):
Fair to view you are—yet dwell on
  What it is I have to tell:
You can never cast a spell on
  Me till you have learned to spell.

On your wages I'm aware that
  You support a crippled brother;
Also, there's a weekly share that
  Goes, I understand, to mother.
O, your courage in a tight place
  Thrills my soul—my optics blur!
O, your heart is in the right place!
  How I wish your commas were!

—*Judge.*

iced coffee!
drink it and sleep!

THESE sultry evenings there's nothing quite so refreshing as a tall, tinkling glass of iced coffee. And now you can enjoy iced coffee—even though the caffein in coffee may keep you awake. How? Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. Drink Sanka Coffee at any hour—it won't keep you awake!

Sanka Coffee is real coffee—a superior blend of Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. You make it as you've always made coffee. Experts recognize that no other blend is finer—in quality or flavor.

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make the night-test! The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

SANKA COFFEE

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drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

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GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

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Hailing Billy Burke, the Bobby Jones of the Open

A SNUB-NOSED, FRECKLED, PLACID MAN who graduated from a Connecticut iron foundry to the golf links, and who smokes innumerable cigars in the course of a match. Such is Billy Burke.

A deep-shouldered, thick-wristed, grim man, tight-lipped, great-hearted, who neither gives nor asks quarter. Such is George Von Elm.

International

Billy Burke

Dick Williams and James L. Kilgallen paint them thus in the Philadelphia *Record* and an International News Service dispatch respectively.

Seventy-two holes of golf and a tie at 292.

Thirty-six more holes and a tie at 149.

Thirty-six more holes and Billy Burke—he of the snub-nose and freckles—wins from Von Elm 148 to 149.

That's the shortest way to tell the story of the longest, hardest-fought United States Open over the Inverness links at Toledo. To recapitulate: Burke and Von Elm played 144 holes in 589 and 590 strokes respectively in their great battle for Bobby Jones's Open crown. It was the first time in golf history that two playoffs had been needed to settle this tournament.

The sustained skill and endurance of both players were magnificent, exclaims the New York *Herald Tribune* in this tribute:

A dozen times as the lead seesawed it seemed as if one or the other must "crack." But there was nothing to choose between the nerve of the former iron-puddler—born Burkowski—and the business-man golfer, as Von Elm defined himself last autumn when he left the amateur field. Great golfers and great fighters both!

For a continuous display of nearly perfect golf, Burke's exhibition in the last month can have had few equals. He won his place on the Ryder Cup team in seventy-two holes of a hard elimination contest. In the Ryder Cup matches immediately following he played seventy-two holes brilliantly on the winning side. Then he went on to the Inverness links to tie with Von Elm in the seventy-two holes of the Open tournament. Only after seventy-two more holes did he emerge with the Open title as the successor of Bobby Jones, and a worthy one, whom Jones himself picked as the man to watch in the Open championship.

BURKE, professional at the Round Hill Club, Greenwich, Connecticut, was the class of the field, Mr. Kilgallen assures us in his International News account. And the field included such stars as Diegel, Melhorn, Sarazen, Hagen, Espinosa, and Johnny Farrell. A glimpse of how he showed his class is afforded by William D. Richardson in a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

His victory over George Von Elm, business-man-golfer, was won by a narrow margin of a single stroke, altho it might have been two had the occasion warranted. Coming up to the final green, set in a hollow that gave the 5,000 members of the gallery a stadium-like view of the "kill," Burke had a two-stroke advantage over his rival.

Both played their second shots boldly, and the two balls stopt not far apart, Billy's perhaps eight yards from the flag and George's a trifle farther. Each had to putt over a knoll, and Von Elm, putting first, didn't allow quite enough and curled off, stopping four feet from the hole.

Burke now had chances galore and took them, putting his first carelessly and running it five feet past the hole, from where he missed the next one after his adversary had holed his 4. He got his 5, however, and it made him a winner by one stroke, his total for the day being 148, while Von Elm's was 149.

Wide World

George Von Elm

Altho Burke was never behind from the fifth hole until the eighteenth, where he dubbed a niblick approach shot, and then never behind again after catching Von Elm at the second hole in the second round, the two rounds were so closely fought that the outcome was in doubt right up until the last three holes.

WHERE Burke got the edge that carried him through successfully was on the No. 16 hole, a 398-yarder, in the second round, this account runs on:

Leading his opponent by a stroke coming to that one, the thirty-fourth in the match, Burke had a stroke lead, having picked it up two holes before.

His second shot just got to the edge of the green; in fact, it was just off the edge, while Von Elm put his own shot thirty-five feet from the pin. Playing the odd, Billy used a putter and rolled up a beauty within six inches of the cup for an easy par 4. Von Elm, trying desperately for a birdie 3, ran his ball only a few inches past the hole, not more than fifteen at the very outside, and, then, to the surprize of everybody who saw it, missed the next one.

It was the third putt of less than a yard that he had failed to drop during the day. One was only nine inches long, the other, perhaps, as much as thirty inches. Both came on the short eighth hole.

Neither of these, however, did as much damage as the one on the sixteenth in the afternoon. That one practically killed off Von Elm's last chance of victory and brought an end to one of the greatest battles ever witnessed in the championship.

Wide World

Cooling Off the New Champ

Wiffey Cox, of New York, is wielding the bucket.

THE mental hazard is a big factor in golf, and in the Philadelphia *Record* Mr. Williams outlines some of the psycho-

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logical factors in this final playoff. Of Burke he writes:

For 144 holes he battled the breaks of wind, weather, and nerves. For 72 holes of these 144 he was fighting one man—a grim man, white-haired and tight-lipped and savage, the hardest competitor golf has known, not even excepting the swashbuckling and defiant Walter Hagen. What Von Elm lacks in golf he makes up in heart, and his heart was never firmer than in this test with Burke.

He is a deep-shouldered, thick-wristed, prognathous-faced Teuton, this Von Elm, hard-riding and exacting. He snarls through his matches, asking no quarter, giving none. Fiercely introspective, his untamed spirit blazing through an outward bravado, he burns himself out in every match; yet so hardy is his courage that he comes back for more and more and more, and sport has given us no harder loser.

In spite of all these things, Von Elm is a sportsman and a real golfer. He has a fanatical respect for the amenities of the game and has more than once penalized himself when the penalty meant the wrecking of his hopes. Rigidly honest, he is as determined upon fair play as he is upon victory, or more so.

This was the opponent that William Burkowski had to vanquish. For a greater part of the way Von Elm was the leader. Always it seemed that Burke was coming from behind, save only on the final green of the final round of the tournament proper. There Von Elm, his eyes deep-sunken and his face lined from the pain of that injured thumb, rolled in a great putt for a birdie and a tie score, and from there he went on into the forthcoming 72 holes and a record never before approached in golf.

Burke, a clammy, placid man with the snubnose and the thick freckles of the Irish from whom he chose his name, held on and held on! Aside from his iron shots, he isn't as finished a golfer as Von Elm. He probably hits the longest iron shots of any man in golf, and he belts them off the tee, too, but he lacks the fluid smoothness of a Farrell or a Jones and the rhythmic power of Von Elm or Sarazen or the swagger élan of an Armour or a Hagen.

Golf is "a hard game for Billy Burke, learned in hours stolen away from his job as an iron-puddler's apprentice, and he works when he plays—if you know what we mean," Mr. Williams tells us, and then turns to Billy's opponent:

Introspective and taciturn as he is, Von Elm abominates conversation during the progress of a match. He speaks to no one, save possibly Silas Newton, his closest friend and adviser, who always tramps over the fairways with him, soothing, cajoling, teaching. Now and then he steps to one side and nods ever so faintly to his wife, a calm, easy-going, smiling little person, who follows him as faithfully as a shadow, shares the elation of his victories and the hurt of his defeats with the same calm acceptance.

Burke, on the other hand, is gregarious. He likes to greet his friends as he trudges over the hills and dales. He waves his clubs to those he recognizes, stops to chat with newspaper men, who pay him almost as much homage on his good-fellowship as they do Wiffy Cox, and never is too preoccupied to discuss a shot or comment on the other fellow's play. He has an odd sort of a smile, and his eyes twinkle rather wistfully when a few folks leave the big shots, and form a stumbling comet's tail behind his usually brown-clad figure.

He was a pathetic sort of a figure in the days before this great Toledo uprising. Always a fine golfer, his health never was good after he became a golf pro, and he never figured very prominently in the major tournaments.

Yet he loved company and he loved the galleries, and when one, following another clique or another pair more clamorous, paused to throw him a "Halloo!" he answered it with a boyish eagerness that betrayed all too well his ambition some day to be thus followed and thus successful.

Now he has entered into a niche in the Hall of Sports Fame that will grow larger as the years roll along. Probably he will rank just about next to the great man Jones as the outstanding hero of the old game, because he is a different hero, winner of golf's finest epic, conqueror by sheer courage and perseverance and doggedness. They may forget the Walkers and the Macfarlanes and the Farrells and the Sarazens, and those other one-time winners, but if Billy Burke never wins another title he'll be one of the gods of St. Andrew's world.

Sunny Morn in Georgia

A pup rabbit that has been playing around our house for two or three weeks must have thought that last week was Be Kind to Animals Week.

Anyway, Saturday morning, while the Lady of the House was digging still another hole in the front yard to plant still another boxbiscum, or whatever you call them things, a couple of dogs chased the rabbit out of the bosky dell in front of our Byzantine igloo and up across the road into the yard.

The little scamp was stepping about nine feet at a lick, and wasn't any too instantaneous at that, as the dogs were only a few feet behind him, and in full cry, too, as we big-game hunters say.

When he saw the Lady of the House he peartened up a bit, and made for her so fast he looked like a little gray streak and he turned turtle a few feet in front of her when he put on brakes to stop. When he righted himself he ducked under a bush, and left the situation up to the Lady of the House, who promptly clogged the surrounding atmosphere with rakes, and hoes, and spades, and rocks, and also with peremptory demands to the dogs to go away, sir! and to stop it, sir! and to shoo! and to get out of here, sir!

The dogs were so taken by surprize at the cloudburst of garden tools and rocks and oratory they skidded to a stop and turn and ran. She didn't hit either of them, but came near beaning your historian, who was sitting on the porch fifteen feet behind her, and who up to that point hadn't opened his mouth.

When the dogs disappeared up the road, the little rabbit came out of his hiding-place as chipper as you please, and frisked around nibbling at the green things in the yard. It may have been our imagination, but he appeared to have a grin on his face, as who would say:

"Well, I put one over on 'em that time, didn't I?"

Anyway, as we have said, he seemed to think it was Be Kind to Animals Week, and that it wasn't no fair for humans to hurt him.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A new quick-cooking bean for summer meals. . . .

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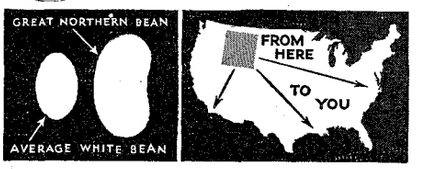
To enjoy the advantages in flavor and healthfulness given by altitude, always be sure that the canned beans you buy are *Great Northern Beans.*



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A Billion-Dollar Deficit—But No New Taxes

AFTER MONTHS OF VARYING CONJECTURES and forecasts the bad news is out.

The Treasury closed the fiscal year 1931 on the 30th of June with a deficit of $903,000,000.

If the Government can't pay expenses with its present revenue the obvious thing to do, one might think, would be to raise more by taxes. There will be economies, of course, but such savings will not make up more than a few millions.

Won't the taxpayer have to foot the bill? Well, not now, explains the Springfield *Republican:*

> The opposition party, for political reasons, is against higher taxes to cover the anticipated deficit.
>
> The party in power fears the political responsibility for higher taxes.
>
> It seems to be generally agreed, excluding the insurgent group, that the Government will borrow money to meet the excess of expenditures.
>
> The United States continues to be an exception to all rules.
>
> The government of any other great Power, showing such a deficit or one-quarter as much, would be expected in the next fiscal year to make great exertions to extinguish it. The German Government is required to make its budget balance if it has to cut the salaries of all public officials and employees and reduce the payments to half-starving unemployed workmen. Mr. Snowden, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, makes the British budget balance by raiding the Government's fund on deposit in New York to cover debt payments as they mature. He is even charged with "robbing hen-roosts" in his search for new revenue.
>
> The Government does not set a good example to private corporate finance. Its method is really that of the gambler who expects a turn in his luck.
>
> A turn upward in business is expected soon to increase income-tax receipts and customs revenues so much as to make the deficit seem a mere interlude. It has always been so and always will be so—in the United States. That is the feeling we were brought up on.

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He'll Grow More; He Always Does
—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

BUT Washington newspapers seem to consider that a perfectly natural feeling. Remarks *The Evening Star:*

> A return of business and employment, with corresponding increases in the earnings of corporations and individuals, will mean a return of the golden flow of taxes into the Treasury. It is the hoped-for solution of the Government's financial situation to-day.

The Post agrees that "there is no occasion for pushing new tax measures through until the outcome of this distressing economic period has been determined, and then there will probably be no need for higher levies." And this paper points out, by the way, that it is not exactly correct to say that the Government "went in the hole" to the extent of $903,000,000:

> Even tho the Government did not have sufficient funds to meet its expenditures, $440,000,000 was paid on the public debt in accordance with law. Hence, the actual net increase in the national debt was only $463,000,000.

While rigid economy and long-term bond issues will probably avert a tax increase at the next session of Congress, the writer of a United Press dispatch from Washington thinks that "toward the end of his Administration and after the national elections next year, Congress is likely to find on its door-step another 'Mellon Tax Plan,' which, unlike the four others which have preceded it, will provide for an increase of taxes."

In the announcement of the deficit by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Mills, it was pointed out that it was a matter of spending more and receiving less than had been anticipated. Expenditures were some $226,000,000 larger than for the previous year: "The increase was due largely to expenditures for agricultural aid and relief, for additional benefits to war veterans, and for the accelerated governmental construction activities, which more than offset other reductions." And revenues fell off because of a drop of $551,000,000 of income-tax collections—"the Treasury underestimated the severity of the depression and the effects which the fall in prices of commodities and of securities and the reduction in the volume of business operations would have on taxable incomes." Customs duties and miscellaneous internal-revenue receipts also fell off considerably.

The slight increase in the public debt caused by this deficit is, after all, "relatively insignificant," remarks David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch; "the Treasury is still away ahead of its schedule on retirement of debts, and even if in the next fiscal year a similar situation arose, the American Government's position would still be better than that of any other government in the world."

The New York *Times* agrees that fundamentally the Treasury is in a strong position; "the policy of debt reduction under four Presidents since the war has made the credit of the Government invulnerable." And we are reminded that, while the public debt was increased by $463,000,000 during the last fiscal year, "until this year the Government was able to retire an impressive amount of the debt annually, reducing the total from a high peak of 25 billion dollars in the last year of the war to 16 billion dollars on June 30 a year ago."

ONE happy thought is found by the Baltimore *Sun* in the fact that the deficit "provides the nation in general and the Federal bureaucracy in particular with an imperative incentive to economize, in the true sense of the word":

> Heretofore this incentive has been lacking.
>
> In their desire to create opportunities for tax reductions on the eve of every election and their zeal to effect retirement of the national debt more rapidly than the statutory sinking fund provisions required, the last three Administrations have followed a financial policy conducive to the accumulation of surpluses.
>
> Our average Federal surplus for the eleven years ended with 1930 was above $450,000,000. While these accumulations have served a useful purpose in scaling down the huge burden of the war debt, there is good reason to believe that their persistent recurrence has been a standing invitation to extravagance on the part of Congress and of the administrative agencies of the Government. When there was every assurance that the resources of the Treasury would be more than sufficient for any and all withdrawals which might be reasonably suggested there was no need to cut corners rigidly.
>
> Carter Glass, himself a former Secretary of the Treasury, has said that he would prefer to have every fiscal year end with a slight deficit for the incentive to economy it would furnish. The one with which we are now confronted is not slight, but perhaps its restraining influence will be all the greater because of its large proportions.

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Farmers Buying Again—or Still

IT takes a long time to work out graphs, cross-sections, and analyses. And so some one in the Capper organization thought it might be a good idea to get a line on farm buying-power by collecting specific instances.

Well, ten farm publications, including the Capper farm weeklies, and representing nine States, cooperated, and for several weeks their salesmen and dealers and editors, advertising solicitors, just simply collected instances of actual farm buying of an important type, and jotted them all down in their note-books. And the result leads to the conclusion that—

Farmers are going ahead, their "plants" are in production, and the man-power is employed. Farmers are engaged in the work of bringing business back, not waiting for it to come back. Their crops may sell at prices below those of the last few years, but it is likely that all business will be done at lower prices levels.

The statement is made in a standard-sized eight-page paper called *The Better Times Chronicle*, which prints the several thousand specific cases of farm buying collected by the reporters. In every case the name and address is given.

So there are listed farmers buying tractors and combines; building new barns and new homes; buying new cars and trucks; buying miles and miles of fencing materials; buying electric ranges, milking machines, radios, in fact almost everything used on the farm and in the home. And here are homes in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Indiana being electrified or equipped with modern sanitary conveniences.

THIS is not a survey or a cross-section "to tell you that 'umpsteen' per cent. of the farmers are building new homes, or buying new cultivators." There has been no attempt to find every possible "better times" item. The idea simply is to show "that the entire farm market in 1931 is not reduced to bare existence, or that all buying except food and clothing has been suspended." As we read on in *The Better Times Chronicle:*

Even a casual reading of the many columns and thousands of specific instances of farm buying of items requiring a considerable investment impress the fact that the farm market is substantially sound and on the road to business recovery.

Farm building would seem to be far outstripping the building industry of the cities. While the tractor and implement business is far below that of 1929 and 1930, there are plenty of examples to show that farmers are buying the equipment which they need. New motor-cars are still being purchased as well as modern equipment for the home.

Panics are not bred on the farms of America, and despite many adverse conditions in his markets, the American farmer is apparently fulfilling the prophecy that he would be the first to recover from the depression.

The specific facts in *The Chronicle* are little rivulets and patches of open water, showing that the ice which has covered the River of Business is breaking up.

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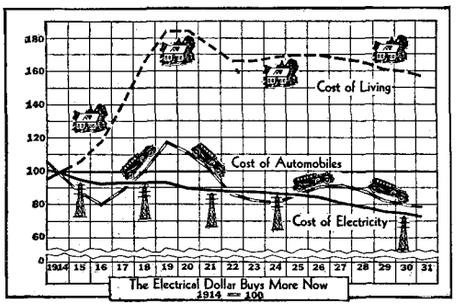

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Have You a Little Miser in Your Home?

THE OLD-FASHIONED ADVICE to "save your pennies" would seem to be out of date.

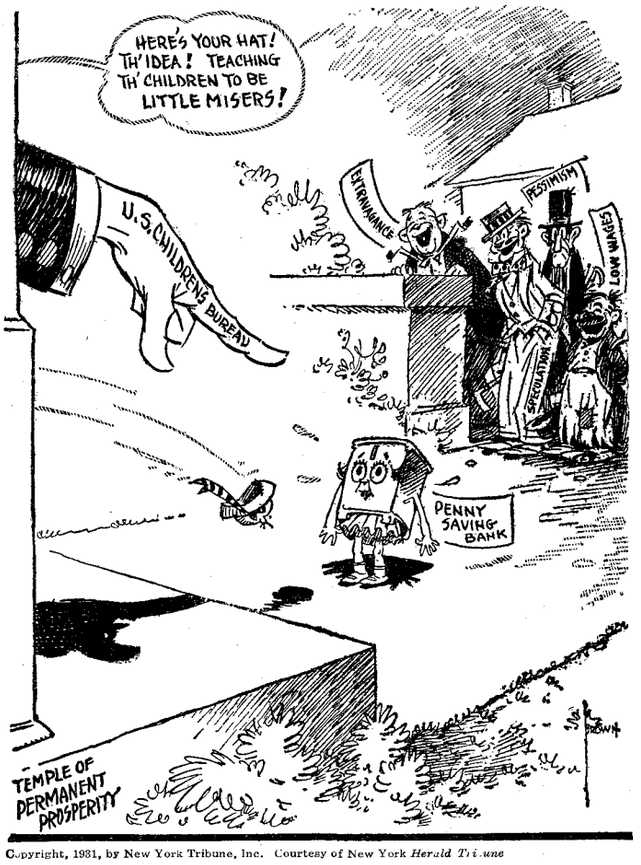
At any rate, the United States Children's Bureau has its doubts about the little metal bank for the children's pennies, on the ground that it is nothing more or less than a miser-maker. And "children should not be taught to be little misers," declares the bureau, in a study on "The Child and His Money."

The penny bank would seem to be pretty nearly zero as an aid in child training, according to these authorities, who hold that "a savings-bank into which pennies disappear, never to be used, has relatively little training value. "It is rather surprizing" comments the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "that we should have had to wait so many years for this discovery."

But how should a child be taught the value of money?

The suggestion of the bureau is that the child be taught the budget system, with a set of bright-colored envelops for the pennies or nickels—"red envelops for saving money, blue for spending money, green for giving-away money, etc."

And in connection with these warnings about encouraging miserliness in the young come some constructive suggestions quoted from a Washington Associated Press dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, in the shape of ten rules for a child's financial training:



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One More Undesirable

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

1. Give the child a regular fixt allowance: teach him not to beg and tease for additional money.
2. Let him learn by experience that denial must follow extravagance.
3. Teach the child not to expect pay for duties he ought to perform.
4. Encourage him to earn extra money by giving him a real job, preferably one which has real commercial value; pay him no more and no less than it is worth.
5. Be sure any work he does outside the home is not physically harmful, and does not expose him to wrong influences.
6. Don't tip the child for rendering small services to his elders or for being good or polite.
7. Teach the child the value of saving for a definite purpose, instead of for the mere sake of saving; let him learn the folly of spending all his money at once and of going into debt to buy something he wants.
8. Teach him that saving things that cost money is as important as saving money.
9. Help the child to realize the importance of giving as well as of spending and saving.
10. Remember that the example of financial responsibility parents set will influence the child's attitude.

PERHAPS the child's "financial wisdom teeth can be cut on a budget, as well as not," but, comments the Detroit *Free Press:*

If the child is still father to the man, as he used to be, we presume that the budget for juvenile allowances will have the same chance of success that charted expenditure has among grown-ups.

The Antitrust Law Condemned As a Trust-Maker

MUTTERINGS AGAINST THE ANTITRUST Law have been heard for years. Now comes forward a New York manufacturer to condemn this thirty-year-old piece of legislation on two specific counts. First, it makes it harder for us to avoid business depressions; and second, it actually promotes the formation of huge mergers and combinations. So contends Mr. James Harvey Williams in the current *Atlantic Monthly*.

Of course, President Hoover has pointed out that, while he favors the fundamental purpose of the Sherman Act, Congress ought to look into the manner in which it promotes destruction, competition, and overproduction. It is interesting to note, too, that way back in 1907 that trust-busting President, Theodore Roosevelt, said: "the Sherman Law should be so amended to forbid only the kind of combination which does harm to the general public." And in 1902 Judge Peter S. Grosscup created more than a mild sensation when he made a speech suggesting the Sherman Law repeal on the ground that

"Logically and impartially enforced, that act forbids two grocers on opposite corners of the street from forming a co-partnership to save expenses; partially enforced however, it puts the industries of the land at the mercy not of the law but of the officers of the law."

Now let's come back to Mr. Williams. The idea of avoiding slumps and preventing overproduction by careful planning "will remain impracticable until the Sherman Law is modified to allow some adequate measure of control over its own destinies," declares Mr. Williams, and he illustrates:

One simple illustration will show that this is true. As times improve, suppose that there should be a definite increase of 10 per cent., let us say, in the demand for shoes. Each shoe manufacturer will know it, and it will be the signal for each factory to begin operations on a larger scale. This would be the critical time for rational planning, if that were possible. If the manufacturers, through their trade association, could strike an agreement to limit their combined increase in output to 10 per cent., production would then be geared to consumption; the shoe industry would start off again on a sound basis.

At present, however, such an agreement—no matter how sensible it might be or how necessary to the general welfare—is illegal under the Sherman Law. It would be a "combination in restraint of trade," and therefore expressly forbidden. Forced to act independently, each shoe manufacturer will speed up his operations as much as he dares, in the hope that he will be able to sell more shoes than his competitors. In the industry, as a whole, production will be increased, not 10 per cent., but 15 or 20 or 30 per cent.

Here, at the very beginning of better times, the seeds of the next depression will be sown; the situation will continue to get more and more out of hand until, at last, another crisis will correct the excesses which the law has rendered the manufacturers powerless to correct for themselves.

Now the trouble with the Sherman Law is that, besides the

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section dealing with trusts and monopolies, there is a second part, in which "every contract, combination, or conspiracy in restraint of trade" is declared illegal. According to Mr. Williams, this clause actually fosters monopoly, since it makes almost impossible cooperative action of independent units, and thus "provides the most conspicuous motive for mergers." While there have been other reasons for the merger movement, the prime motive has been to enable previously competing companies "to exercise as a single corporation the stabilizing influence upon prices, production, and division of territory which the law forbids them to exercise by agreement as independent units." The writer takes some trouble to point out why business would be better stabilized through agreement of independent units than through the building up of great monopolies.

IF Congress were to look into the workings of the Antitrust Law, as President Hoover suggests, it would have to consider these major defects of the existing law, we are told:

1. By prohibiting competitors from adjusting their total production to the total demand, it has caused wanton waste of our invaluable and irreplaceable natural resources.
2. By prohibiting the stabilization of both production and prices, it has caused wide-spread "profitless prosperity" among manufacturers and distributers.
3. It is directly responsible for a large part of the present trend toward concentration of capital.
4. By forbidding agreements to eliminate the "cross-hauling" of freight, it has prevented economies in the cost of steel and many other materials.
5. It has made it impossible for manufacturers of trade-marked articles to protect the reputation of their products against dealers who wish to feature them at less than the advertised price.
6. It has worked indefensible injustice against many specific interests, such as the meat-packers; for it has forced some of the packers to refrain from handling groceries, while it has not only permitted their competitors to do so, but has allowed the grocery companies to enter the packing business.
7. It has been proved unworkable in principle by the necessity of granting numerous special exemptions amounting to class privilege.
8. Some of its applications have been so uncertain that many useful and lawful acts have been forestalled through fear of prosecution.

FINALLY, Mr. Williams makes the constructive suggestion that "all the benefits of the antitrust legislation could be conserved and all its bad effects done away with by amending the law." And the amendment would simply be the addition of the explanation that the words "in restraint of trade" should be interpreted to mean only such restraint "as, with equal regard for the interests of capital, labor, and consumer, shall be to the detriment of the public interest."

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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again, been.—"R. K. C.," Lowell, Mass.—*Again* is pronounced *a-gen'*—*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*. Altho the pronunciation *a-gen'*—*a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*—is occasionally used in poetry, and is commonly heard in London and southern England, the first pronunciation given here is that which predominates.

The American pronunciation of *been* is *bin*—*i* as in *tin*. This is based on that introduced by the Pilgrim Fathers when they settled in America in 1620 and when the word was so spelled. In England the sound given to the digraph *ee* is the same as that given to "i" in *police*, so the word may be used to rime with *bean*, and the pronunciation is the same as is heard when the words *seen*, *keen*, etc., are spoken.

alibi.—"A. H. D.," Seattle, Wash.—The plural of *alibi* is formed according to the regular rules of grammar by adding "s." In Goold Brown's time—seventy-five years ago—it was formed by adding "es"; so, both forms may be found in literature.

alternative.—"E. C.," Dallas, Tex.—The only preposition that we have on record used with the word *alternative* is *but*. It occurs repeatedly, and if the construction in which *than* occurs is used, we have no evidence of it. Cardinal Newman, the master of English, wrote, "There are *but* two *alternatives*"; Tyndall, "We had no *alternative but* to pack up."

It is fair to point out that the use of *than* in such a sentence is misleading, and has been explained as prepositional, notwithstanding the fact that it is a conjunction. Take, for example, the sentence, "You treat him worse *than* me," which may mean, "You treat him worse *than* I treat him," in which case *than* is a preposition governing *me*.

aren't I?—"G. B.," Portsmouth, Va.—The Lexicographer has answered this question repeatedly during the past ten years. You are quite right, as *aren't* should not be used with a singular pronoun. In England the phrase "aren't I?" is erroneously used for "an't I?" which is a contraction of "am not I?" This use was probably derived from "aren't you?"—a legitimate contraction—on the assumption that as *you*, a plural, is used as a singular when applied to one person, the verb employed in association with it may also be used; but no educated person says "are I?" or "I are?" but "an't I?"—strictly, "a'n't I?" the colloquial contraction of "am not I?"—frequently heard and not infrequently misspelled. Here *the verb should agree with its subject*.

averse from, averse to.—"W. A. H.," Galveston, Tex.—Originally *averse from* was commonly used to designate the turning from a subject, as from repugnance. Present usage prefers *averse to*, denoting aversion in the sense of hostility toward the subject.

bagged.—"H. M. D.," Swampscott, Mass.—In the sense to which you refer, this word is used to mean "to secure as in a bag; catch; entrap; capture; also, to kill, as game; as, he *bagged* a brace of partridges."

close proximity.—"F. M. C.," Jefferson City, Mo.—This phrase is an English idiom implying something closer than proximity. In 1886, F. H. H. Guillemard in his "Cruise Marchesa" wrote: "Batanta is in *close proximity* to Salwatti."

dash, the.—"W. E. C.," San Francisco, Calif.—As the *dash* is used to mark (1) a change of thought or construction, or (2) an emphatic or unexpected pause, it is used correctly in the sentence, "We are enclosing the names of three interns—you may know them."

dupe.—"C. H. V. S.," Sydney, New South Wales.—This word has a curious history. Originally it meant a dove or pigeon—one of the most simple and guileless of creatures. Webster and Littré both claimed that the word came from the Old French name for the *hoopoe*, probably on the ground that Randle Cotgrave (1611) described *dupe* as "a hooper; a bird that hath on her head a great crest or tuft of feathers, but nestles in ordure." Littré quoted "Berry, *dube*, la huppe," as its source, but added "it has been suggested that the Swabian German *duppel*, imbecile, is a possible source." He insists, however, that *dupe* is to be traced from *huppe*, from the ease with which the bird can be captured.

each, either, both.—"A. L. T.," Elkhart, Ind.—These words are frequently confounded. *Either* properly means one of two. A man may fire *either* barrel of a gun, and reserve the load in the other barrel; or, he may fire *each* barrel, first one and then the other; or, finally, he may fire *both* barrels, the implication being that they are discharged as connected parts of a single act. *Either* is frequently used erroneously for *each* or *both*.

There were book-shelves at *either* end of the room; (say *both* ends). *Each* hat was stylish, and *both* were low-priced. *Each* horse in turn was led from the stable. I was informed that I might choose *either:* but it was difficult to choose, for *both* were beautiful.

few, several.—"P. E. W.," Goshen, Ky.—*Few* and *several* are both used to designate an indefinite number—more than one or two; not many.

Geoffrey.—"D. P. J.," Buffalo, N. Y.—The correct pronunciation is *jef'ri*—*e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*.

good, look, well.—"J. E. A.," San Francisco, Calif.—*Look*, intransitive, is used with an adverb, or in a phrase to present a specified expression of countenance, as, "You *look well*." Derived from this sense, *look* has been used to mean "to have a certain appearance," hence, intransitively, it connotes "to seem to the sight," and is construed with a predicative substantive or an adjective, or a predicative adverb as *well*, *ill*, etc.

When construed with an adverb of manner, or as formerly, with an adverbial phrase, the meaning of *look* (v.), is "to have a certain appearance or look." This use is often indiscriminately condemned, but is justly censurable only where *look* is virtually equivalent to *seem*, so that it requires a predicative complement and not a qualification of manner. Owing, however, to the prejudice excited by the inaccurate use, *look* now rarely occurs with adverbs of manner other than *well*, *ill*, *badly*. In some early instances the apparent adverb may possibly be an adjective in *-ly*. Cobbett in his "Rural Rides" wrote in 1826: "Fields of Swedish turnips, all *looking* extremely *well*."

Well is correct in "The dress looks *well*." *Good* is colloquial. But, the sentence should be given in full. The dress may be the important thing, of course, but it is more usual for the wearer to be so, and in that case, the sentence should be recast. "You look *well* in that dress." "That dress becomes (or is becoming to) you."

As indicated in the foregoing, it is not easy to determine the proper construction of sentences of this kind without knowing the circumstances. In 1710, Steele in his "Tatler," No. 212, wrote: "A Woman must think well to *look well*."

grimace.—"B. E.," Montreal, Canada.—*Grimace* is a word with which our scholars have loved to play. One of them derived it from *grim*. Ménage claimed for it *agrimensor*, a land surveyor. Thomson looked to the Italian *grimmacia*, and if this be reliable, then it may come from the Spanish *gimio*, monkey, in Latin *simia*, but it should not be forgotten that *grimaciers* were formerly a company of artists whose duty was to carve the fantastic heads used in architecture, such as are frequently to be seen in our gargoyles, and Randle Cotgrave draws attention to this fact. But, in Old Saxon we have *grima*, a mask, whence *her-grima*, a war-mask, including the vizor of a helmet that concealed the warrior's face.

Despite this explanation, modern scholars claim that its origin is unknown. Undoubtedly it came into our speech from the French, and the French trace it to the Spanish *grimazo*, an extraordinary position in a picture. Dietz drew it from the Anglo-Saxon *grima*, a mask, a fantom, yet it may come from the Italian *grimo*, wrinkle.

im-.—"G. S.," North Arlington, N. J.—There are two prefixes *im-*—the first means *in*, *into*, or *on;* the second means *not*, *un-*. They are both euphonic variants of *in-*, prefix, of which one is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *in*, which means "in," and the other from the Latin *in-*, which means "not."

miniature.—"D. M.," Cranford, N. J.—The word *miniature* is pronounced *min'i-a-chur* (first *i* as in *hit*, second *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*, *ch* as in *chin*, *u* as in *full*) by the Standard, Century, and Webster Dictionaries, but *min'i-a-tiur* (*iu* as *eu* in *feud*) by the New English Dictionary. In this word, the difference shown in the last syllable is a national characteristic. Where we say "-chur," the English say "-tiur."

paraph.—"G. N. C.," New York City.—As a verb this word means, "to affix a paraph to; hence, to sign by writing the initials." As a noun it means, "a flourish made with the pen at the end of a signature, often as a protection against forgery."

rhythm.—"C. McD.," Rockaway Park, N. Y.—You have confused syllabication with pronunciation. Some of our words consist of two sounds that can not be separated into syllables, because *a syllable can not be formed without the aid of a vowel*. For example, *chaos* is a dissyllabic word and is divided *cha'os*, and *able*, *cable*, *fable*, are in the same class, but *chasm* and *rhythm*, altho pronounced as if spelled *chasum* and *rhythum*, can not be divided, because the second element of each word lacks the necessary vowel. *Prism* and *spasm* are also indivisible for the same reason.

secant.—"J. M.," Webb City, Mo.—This word is pronounced *si'kant*—*i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*. The adjective *secant* means, "1. Cutting, especially into two parts; intersecting; dividing; as a *secant* line." In geology the term is used to mean, "Traversing the anticlinal fold of stratified rocks: said of a stream." The noun *secant* in mathematics means, "A straight line that intersects another line, curve, or figure; one of the trigonometrical functions, or its representation as a line."

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

His Long Suit.—FATHER—"Doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?"

DAUGHTER—"I'll say he does!"—*Hudson Star.*

Spotless Personality.—A male movie star, always thinking of his public, had an X-ray of his teeth retouched before showing it to his dentist.—*Variety.*

Cramping His Style.—"Whaddaya consider the height of human incompetence?"

"How about a drum-major with an inferiority complex?"—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

The First Shall Be Last.—"I hear your son is getting on."

"Rather. Two years ago he wore my old suits—now I wear his."—*Berlingske Tidende (Copenhagen).*

Job for a Dempsey.—APPRENTICE—"You want me to clean the office? You said you had a man for rough work."

CHIEF—"So we have. He collects the debts."—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung (Cologne).*

Big Business: Tie Up a Dozen.—"Are you engaged to Bob?"

"Yes, I have promised to marry him as soon as he has made his fortune."

"That isn't an engagement, that's an option."—*Boston Transcript.*

Didn't Do Right by Our Venie.—"Could one refer to the Venus de Milo as the girl who got the breaks?" J. C. M. inquires.

Why not? It's an 'armless joke.—*Boston Transcript.*

Pass the Potato-masher.—"How much are eggs?"

"Fifty cents a dozen—thirty cents a dozen for cracked ones."

"Good—crack me a dozen."—*Vart Hem (Stockholm).*

No Sun-bather.—

An Eskimo lady exclaimed, with a smile,
"I do not pretend to the latest in style,
But you'll have to admit that up here in the cold
I never wear bathing-suits you could call bold."
—*Washington Star.*

Scooting Time.—The village doctor was taking a friend for a trip in his car.

"I say, look out!" cautioned the passenger. "You're doing over sixty miles an hour!"

"Don't worry about that," chuckled the doctor, "I've got the village policeman in bed with rheumatism."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

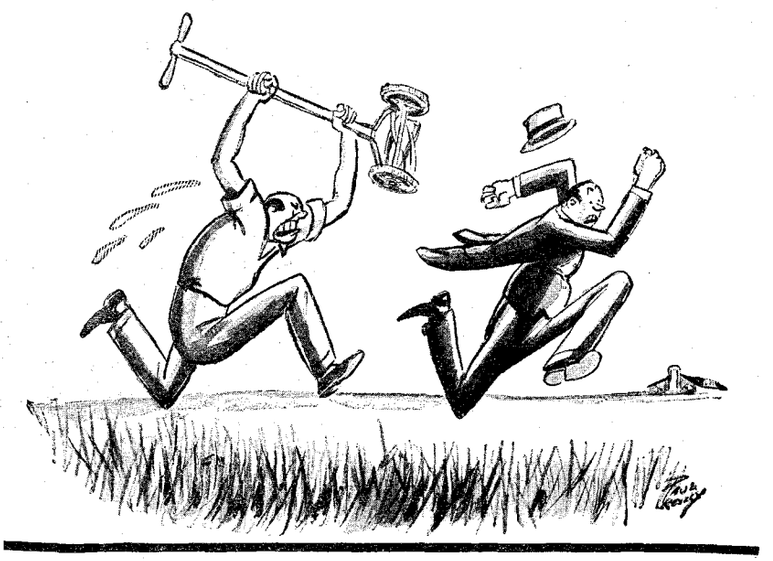
See America First.—"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"It ran largely to tooth-paste and smoking tobacco."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Absent-minded Beggar.—Add Pitiful Figures: The Sunday tourist who spied some wonderful tree-blossoms, and then discovered he forgot to bring along the ax.—*Judge.*

Flourishes Under Frost.—

Peculiar job, the iceman's,
Odd thing about it is,
The more he gets cold-shouldered
The better for his biz.
—*C. M. in The Boston Transcript.*



A Salesman Attempts to Interest Mr. Grump in Some Quick-Growing Grass Seed

—"Judge."

Perfect Hostess.—"Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to get the maid up so early in the morning?"

"It was rather clever of me. I introduced her to the milkman."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Life's Darkest Moment.—Two attorneys, one decidedly glum of countenance, met on the street.

"Well, how's business?" the first asked of the dismal one.

"Rotten!" the pessimist replied. "I just chased an ambulance twelve miles, and found a lawyer in it."—*American Legion Monthly.*

On the Firing-line.—Stepping from a taxi in front of the Lambs yesterday, a hurrying author presented the driver with a twenty-dollar bill to pay a meter charge of $1.10. The driver snorted, and remarked that it was the first twenty he had seen since shortly before the war, and to expect him to change it amounted to mockery. The passenger turned to an actor shading himself on the Lambs stoop, and asked for a dollar and a quarter.

"If I had a dollar and a quarter," returned the actor, "do you think I'd imperil it hanging around here?"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Tip for Mr. Mellon.—Cannes—Betty Nuthall has been preserved for prosperity—in bees' wax.—*New York American.*

First-Class Nightmare.—

WAS SITTING IN CAR WHEN DEAD
MAN RACED PAST, PURSUED
BY ACCUSED, HE SAYS
—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

Strike Up the Band.—The Goleta Woman's Club closed its year's program with a family picnic supper in Tuckers' grave.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) Morning Press.*

Common Complaint, Alas!—Mr. Perry suffered confusions about the forehead.—*Hudson Daily Star.*

New Labor Saver.—Wanted—A 10-inch osculating D. C. Westinghouse or Emmerson electric fan.—*St. Charles (Mo.) paper.*

The West Is Still Wild.—

CRACK PASSENGER
HURLED
BROADSIDE FROM RAILS
ON TO PRAIRIE
—*McAlester (Okla.) News Capital.*

Sounds Like Hara-Kiri.—Mr. Mutton of P. Burns Company will demonstrate the proper manner of cutting a mutton carcass, after which the cuts will be auctioned off by A. MacPherson.—*Victoria (B. C.) Daily Times.*

All Forgiven.—*The Valley Morning Star* is not responsible for copy omissions, typogracical errors or any unintentional error than may occur further than to correct it in the next issue after it is brought to their attention.—*Harlinger (Tex.) paper.*

Great News from Chicago.—Commissioner Alcock declared that the change was "for the good of the department," and added:

"The police department has fought and beaoten bcrime andun bmbmhbgm.—*Chicago Daily Times.*

Tale of a Tub and a Frying-pan.—The seaplane *Do-X* which took off this afternoon for Brazil made a forced descent sixty miles out in the ocean and a tub was dispatched to her assistance.—*Passaic Daily News.*

Porto Praia, Cape Verde Islands (AP).—Germany's big seaplane *Do-X*, was frying over the Atlantic for Brazil this afternoon.—*Davenport Democrat.*

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CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
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VOLUME 110 NUMBER 3

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

TOPICS OF THE DAY
Hoover's Winning Way with Reluctant France 3
Revolt of the Chicago Taxpayers 6
Ending Bargain-Counter Justice 7
Death's Busy Day 7
Farm States Rage at the Farm Board 8
Wings Sprout on the "Iron Horse" 9
Topics in Brief 10

FOREIGN COMMENT
Has Stalin Junked Communism? 11
The "More Babies" Drive in Italy 12
State Salary Slashes in Japan 13
A German Glance at German Radicals 13
How British Diplomats "Muddle Through" . 14
Future Importance of the Polar Regions . . . 14

LETTERS AND ART
Mary Wigman Explains the Artistry of Her Dance 15
Where Peru Gets Its Music 16
New Head for Chicago Opera 17
The Cover 17

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE
Fixing the Blame for Bad Pictures 18
Fellowship. Poem 18
Pockets and the Pulpit 19
Another Church Union 19
And in Africa Too 20
Prayer for Health. Poem 20
The Episcopal Divorce Dispute 20

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
The Soot Peril to Our Cities 24
Moonlight Bad for Radio 24
The Universe, Present and Future 25
More About Twisted Trees 25
Our Lepers 28
Television May Give Us a Super-Telescope . 28

CURRENT POETRY
To the "Lost Tribe" of Indigirka 29
Emancipated 29
Answer 29
There Might Be Glory in the Night 29
Sonnet XXXVI 29
Summer Arabesque 29
One Way of Love 29
Soda Clerk 29

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Boom! Boom! "Old Ironsides" Rejoins the Navy 30
Home Joys and Griefs of the Circus Folks . . 33
Honoring California History with Crack Liners 34
The Golf Club That Put Itself Out to Oblige Mrs. Robin and Her Babies 36

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Who's the New Big Bill? Take Your Pick . 37
"Hoch!" Cries Germany as Max and Cilly Win 38
Hailing Billy Burke, the Bobby Jones of the Open 40

INVESTMENT AND FINANCE
A Billion-Dollar Deficit—But No New Taxes 42
Farmers Buying Again—or Still 43
Have You a Little Miser in Your Home? . . 44
The Antitrust Law Condemned as a Trust-Maker 44

MISCELLANEOUS
The Lexicographer's Easy Chair 45
The Spice of Life 46

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FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Peeps at Celebrated Masterpieces in the Leading Art Galleries of Europe

ONE picture in the Louvre, Paris, that always holds the admiration and wonder of visitors is the figure of "Mona Lisa," the woman with the inscrutable smile. Did Leonardo Da Vinci, the artist, entertain her with his humor as she posed? Or, was she thinking of her dear husband? She was his third wife! "Mona Lisa," was painted in 1504, mysteriously stolen in 1911, subsequently recovered in Italy. It is one of the greatest paintings and France's priceless treasure.

Marvelous Golden Tracery

In looking at Botticelli's inspired masterpiece, "The Madonna and Child," in the National Gallery, London, one is impressed by the youthfulness of the Madonna. The traditional belief is that she was fourteen or fifteen when the infant Jesus was born. Another striking feature is the wonderful delicate mesh of the gold of her head-dress. It is fine almost beyond belief.

Female Figure Ideals

Rubens, celebrated painter of the Flemish school (1577-1640), never imagined that the overplump model he used in painting his masterpiece, "The Judgment of Paris," would come to be regarded as falling far short of the classic ideal of the female figure. But so it is to-day. A girl of sixteen, Rubens' second wife, was the model. In this great painting the delicate flesh tints of Minerva, Juno, and Venus are still vividly real against the deep shadows of the trees. This canvas hangs in the National Gallery, London.

Rembrandt's Masterpiece

"Syndics of the Cloth Merchants' Guild," the crowning glory of Rembrandt's work, hangs in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam. The six men seem to live in the canvas—as if the painter had transformed them with one touch of magic into paint just when they were most interested in their work! All the portraits of the burghers are masterpieces, fresh as when painted, and will continue to delight picture lovers as long as the canvas and pigments last.

Royal Love

That combination of imaginative power and craftsmanship—a perpetual joy to the art lover—is shown in the beautiful, colorful canvas, by Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, hanging in the Tate Gallery, London, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," immortalized by Tennyson in the following lines:

> As shines the moon in clouded skies,
> She in her poor attire was seen.
> One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
> One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
> So sweet a face, such angel grace
> In all that land had never been.
> Cophetua swore a royal oath;
> "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

Snubbed by Sweetheart

Any man who has ever been snubbed by the girl he loved when he waited to catch her glance as she passed can sympathize with the unhappy Dante, as "the glorious lady of his heart," Beatrice, sauntered by in Florence without even looking at him. This incident is pictured in that exquisite painting, "Dante and Beatrice," by Henry Holiday, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Corot's Inspiration

No wonder Corot copied Nature so vividly! To him a beautiful day was a subject of tender reverence. On the morning of his death in 1875 he whispered, "Dear God, how beautiful that is! The most lovely landscape I have ever seen!" His great painting, "The Fisherman's Hut," in the National Gallery, London, shows how a commonplace subject may be glorified.

Henner's Discovery

A celebrated nude is "A Naiad," in the Luxembourg, Paris, by Jean Jacques Henner, whose chief distinction as an artist lay in reviving the forgotten art of painting soft, velvety flesh. He gained this result by painting in the twilight hour when the landscape loses color, while the luminous flesh retains the light.

Greuze's Girls

The main forte of the great old master, Jean Baptiste Greuze, was painting young girls of which his "The Listening Girl," in the Wallace Collection, London, is a conspicuous example. A striking type of innocence and voluptuous grace.

"My Mother" Ever Popular

Artists regard Whistler's popular masterpiece, "My Mother," with an almost sacred regard. This canvas hangs in the Luxembourg, Paris, but reproductions of it are on the walls of homes all over the world.

Monks' Friday Diet

Sadler's delightful study of monastic life, "Friday," in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, shows a number of monks at table eating fish in lieu of the prohibited meat. Some of the monks are of the Order of St. Francis, in brown habits, others of St. Dominic, in black and white.

Picture Cost $120,000

One of the oldest great art works in the Louvre, Paris, which cost the French Government $120,000, is "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin," by Murillo (1618-1682). It is regarded as sublime.

Lure of the "Angelus"

Another noted masterpiece in the Louvre that attracts universal attention is "The Angelus," by Millet, showing the peasants in the field in their attitude of prayer as the soft vesper chimes peal in the church belfry in the village.

Male Figure Studies

H. S. Tuke, R. A., is best known for his sea and figure studies. One of his most popular works is "Ruby, Gold, and Malachite," in Guildhall Gallery, London. It is bright and pictures a river with a boat and several male nude figures. There is a superstition that posing in or near water brings an early death. But the three principal models in this picture grew up to be men of prominence in England.

A Masterpiece at 77!!

Among master painters Titian was surpassed by none and challenged by Raphael alone. He was seventy-seven when he painted the wonderful nude, "Venus and Adonis," hanging in the National Gallery, London.

Artists' Color Tastes

Artists vary in taste as to colors as much as women do. Some like bright tints—reds and pinks and yellows. Others prefer somber shades—Rembrandt, for instance, as is shown by the celebrated painting of himself, in 1640, now in the National Gallery, London.

Leading Animal Painter

As a painter of animals J. M. Swan, R. A., has never been surpassed! His striking water color study of a lioness and cubs is in the Glasgow Art Gallery.

The Plight of the Sabine Women

In the magnificent, richly colored painting by Rubens, "The Abduction of the Sabine Women," a legendary history theme, hanging in the National Gallery, London, more than thirty persons, mostly women being seized, are pictured.

Show of Atmosphere

A beautiful landscape full of the majesty and peace of nature, also rich in glowing color, is "The River Bank," by Arnesby Brown, R. A., in the Guildhall Art Gallery, London. Some cattle are grazing by the river on a showery day. There is a noticeable effect of atmosphere. The skins of the animals glow in the sunshine of the misty air, while in the sky is a trace of rainbow.

Natural Born Artist

A man is sitting up in bed. He has been reading some old love letters. Raising his eyes he sees the specter of a girl dressed as a bride. He stretches his hands toward her. This is Millais' great painting, "Speak! Speak!" in the Tate Gallery, London. Millais took to drawing naturally. At six he drew soldiers. At the Academy schools he was so tiny he was placed on a stool to receive medals and prizes he won.

Girl Genius

Marie Bashkirtseff was a Russian girl and a genius. She was seventeen when she took up art. Her astonishing capacity for accomplishment was the wonder of her masters. She reproduced life as she saw it, finding in the streets of Paris and in its types a rich source of inspiration. She indicated in color as Zola expressed in words. When only 23 she produced a vigorous masterpiece, "The Meeting," a study of street urchins. At her death the following year the canvas was bought by the French Government and hung in the Luxembourg, Paris.

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